

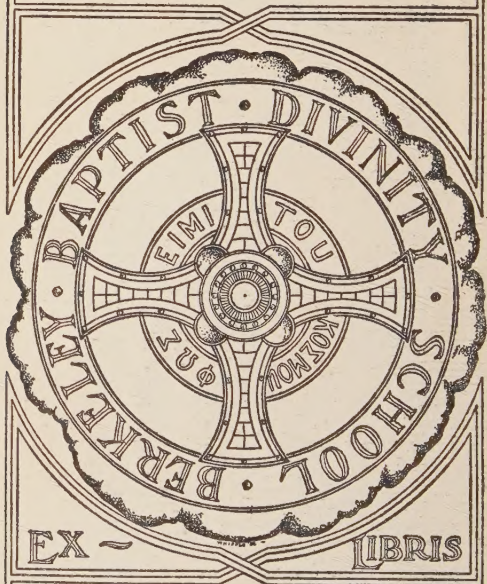
AT THE MASTER'S TABLE

By B. A. ABBOTT

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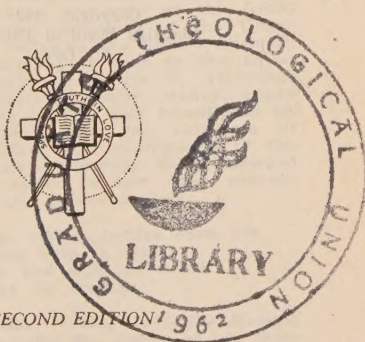
AT THE MASTER'S TABLE

A BOOK FOR THOSE WHO PARTICIPATE IN THE RITE OF THE
ETERNAL ATONEMENT

BY

B. A. ABBOTT

*Minister of the Gospel, Editor of
The Christian-Evangelist, Author of The Disciples,
The Life of Chapman S. Lucas, etc.*



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ST. LOUIS, MO.

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AT THE MASTER'S TABLE

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A BOOK FOR THOSE WHO FAR
RESCUE IN THE RITE OF THE
ETERNAL ATONEMENT

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BY

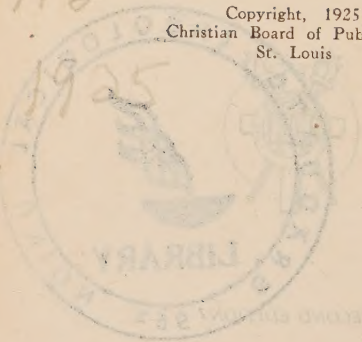
R. A. ABBOTT

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Editor of the Gospel, Editor of
The Christian Board of Publication
The Life of Christman 2, 1925

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St. Louis



THE BETHANY PRESS
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Printed in United States of America

PREFACE

THE true Christian has no greater hour than that which he spends at the Lord's Table. The cares of the world are put aside and its burdens laid down. So delightful was this experience, even to our Savior, that it is written, "he blessed the bread," "he gave thanks for the cup," when he established the Supper, the same night in which he was betrayed.

To sit at the Table is a rest beside the river. It brings the sense of friendship and comradeship with kindred spirits who are going forward to better goals with the light of everlasting life shining upon their faces. It assures one of the presence of the Great Friend. It is the influence of the Upper Room that has followed the Church through all the ages, keeping it true to the Great Heart which broke to redeem it. It brings to men and women of today, weary, heavy laden, embattled by sin, and humiliated by faults and imperfection, the comforts of a spiritual Galilee, the inspirations of the mystic Olivet which forever looks forward with unclouded vision to new, vast, radiant horizons from the mountain top.

But warm, sweet, tender even yet,
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee.

In the hope that it may help the disciple to realize more fully the riches of his Master's Table, this little book is sent forth to all those Comrades of the Cross who love and long for his appearing.

PREFACE

AND as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it; and he gave to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

And he took a cup, and gave thanks, and gave to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many unto remission of sins.

But I say unto you, I shall not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.

—Matt. 26:26-30.

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We Believe

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—John 20:29.

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor yet beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We saw Thee not when lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew;
Nor heard we that imploring cry,
“Forgive, they know not what they do!”
But we believe the deed was done,
That shook the earth and veiled the sun.

We gazed not in the open tomb
Where once Thy mangled body lay;
Nor saw Thee in that upper room,
Nor met Thee on the open way;
But we believe that angels said
“Why seek the living with the dead?”

We walked not with the chosen few,
Who saw Thee from the earth ascend;
Who raised to heav’n their wondering view,
Then low to earth all prostrate bend;
But we believe that human eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

—*John Hampden Gurney.*

I. Remember Jesus Christ

“REMEMBER me,” the Saviour said
On that forsaken night,
When from His side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track
The world remembers yet;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.

But who of us has seen His face,
Or heard the words He said?
And none can now His look retrace
In breaking of the bread.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe Him still!
They know Him, when His praise they mean,
And when they do His will.

We hear His word along our way;
We see His light above;
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

—Charles Sprague.

The Text

REMEMBER *Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, of the seed of David, according to my gospel: Wherein I suffer hardship unto bonds as a malefactor; but the word of God is not bound.—2 Timothy 2:8, 9 (American Revised Version).*

The Meditation

A YOUTH moved from the country to a great city. One of the precious treasures he took with him was his mother's picture. He placed it in his room, in view all the time, and it brought him comfort and inspiration. He thought often of his mother, and often wrote her. But he fell into evil company and his mother's picture seemed to reprove him. He hid it in his trunk. Then it was the old story—he went from bad to worse until ruin stared him in the face. He had nearly forgotten his mother but in his shame and distress he thought of her again. He took out her picture. He wept over it. He resolved to reform. He took up his correspondence with his mother again and was redeemed. It was the power of a great memory. This is the central idea of the Lord's Supper—"Re-

member Jesus Christ.' The thought of him restrains and sweetens life in its wildest joys; lifts one up and gives him strength and peace in his deepest sorrows—yea, even if the sorrow comes of shame. No one had more troubles, more terrible experiences than the Apostle Paul yet he was more than conqueror through them all because he thought of Jesus. The communion service brings Calvary before us, and the open grave, and the Lord who lives to make intercession for us; and thus it becomes one of life's chief inspirations.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read 1 Cor. 15:3, 4.*

RECEIVE our thanksgiving for this loaf, Heavenly Father, and help us to partake of it in loving thought of Jesus Christ our Great Redeemer. Sometimes we are slow of heart to believe, sometimes we forget our Master. But even if we forget Thee, blessed Lord, do Thou who knowest that we are but dust remember us in our pathetic and humiliating failures. Lift us up if we fall and make us steady in the way of righteousness. We ask for the sake of him who died on the cross to save us from our sins. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 Cor. 11:23-26.*

OUR Blessed God and Father, awaken our hearts now to the unspeakable privileges of grace and communion into which we enter and may all unhallowed thoughts pass away, and all idols and unholy images be cast out of our hearts. We thank Thee for this cup. We drink of it, remembering that it is written that Jesus died for our sins. May the memory of Jesus make us ashamed of our sins. May the thought of him follow us everywhere that the music and light of Heaven may be always about us as we work. We ask for his name's sake. Amen.

II. A New Year Communion

O THOU who sealest up the past,
The days slip from us, and the years
Grow silent with their hopes and fears;
'Tis Thine to keep all things at last.

We have not done the things we would,
A blotted page we render back;
And yet, whate'er our work may lack,
Thy work goes on, and Thou art good.

Thou movest in the moving years;
Wherever man is, there Thou art
To overrule his feeble part,
And bring a blessing out of tears.

Thou opener of the years to be,
Let me not lose, in woe or weal,
The touch of Thy strong hand I feel
Upholding and directing me.

—*Samuel V. Cole.*

The Text

AND he took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave to them, saying, *This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. And the cup in like manner after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood, even that which is poured out for you.*—Luke 22:19, 20.

The Meditation

WE read this again and again—and never tire of this old, wonderful message. Each time it falls like music wandering tenderly through time from golden harps, seeking weary hearts to revive, sad hearts to brighten, and broken hearts to heal. Each time we read it we hear a fresh and sweeter note.

We lay stress here on the expression “new covenant.” It means that the covenant was new as compared with the Jewish covenant, that it was the new law of love as compared with the old law of justice.

The death of Christ gave a new start in history, in religion, and in the soul's experiences. The world began to be made over. And the covenant was not simply

new there and then, and destined to grow old or stale, but it was like a fountain forever fresh and lifegiving. Each time we come to the table we get a new and better start in the spiritual life. Have we not all had experiences like the famous man who said: "Again and again, I have been tempted to give up the struggle, but always the figure of that strange Man hanging on his cross sends me back to my task again."

The vision at the Lord's Table of the suffering Christ renews courage, quickens love, gives fresh zest for life and its tasks, and sets us free from sin to start again the quest for the Eternal Communion. O my soul, be still and know his love and his power to bless.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Heb. 8:8-12.*

O BLESSED Father, grant us a fresh experience of Thy goodness and mercy as we eat of this loaf. We thank Thee that there is a place and an hour of escape from the exhausting, deadening power of the world. Our Father, we seek fuller visions and dreams of Thee, of Christ, and of our own soul's salvation. Waken us to deeper love and greater effort in Thy kingdom.

Make this loaf to mean Christ to us, for we partake of it in memory of him. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Heb. 9:13-15.*

OUR Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thy mercies are new every morning and that neither time nor the world can steal away their sweetness nor cause them to cloy on our hearts. We thank Thee that every time we come to this Table it seems more wonderful that we should be recipients of Thine amazing grace, that we have a new chance and a new start if we have sinned and come short of Thy glory. Father, we bless Thy name for this cup wherein we taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

III. Communion Resolutions

THE bread that giveth strength I want to
give,

The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day,
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and
fears;

Beauty for ashes may I give alway,
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure, running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away,
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day,
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

—*Anonymous.*

The Text

THEN the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the Praetorium, and gathered unto him the whole band. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And they platted a crown of thorns and put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they kneeled before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spat upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head. And when they had mocked him, they took off from him the robe, and put on him his garments, and led him away to crucify him.—*Matthew 27:27-31.*

The Meditation

WHEN, at this Table, I look upon my Lord in the light of the New Testament, and recall his sufferings and humiliations, and think of the fact that men of like passions with myself tortured him, I prayerfully resolve that:

I will never treat great questions lightly, nor jest about those whom others condemn;

I will guard my heart from the sins that helped to crucify my Lord, that I may

wound him no more by harming my brothers;

I will never engage in the persecution of any of my fellow men for their evils or supposed evils, but will treat them with fairness in all circumstances and try to look at life from their angle as well as from my own;

I will never help humiliate any one who bears the image of God, or in whose bosom beats a heart that can suffer, and hope and love;

I will never allow myself to hate any living man or woman;

If I must pass judgment upon any of my fellow men in the interest of justice and truth, I will strive even then not to be harsh and not to violate the law of kindness; and

I will strive to keep my heart free and brave that I may live like Jesus in all things.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Colossians 3:8-10.*

BLESSED Father, I tremble and feel afraid when I see how loveless men may become in this world, and then remember that I am only a man. But I thank Thee, Father, that Thy Son, Jesus, who is

my Lord and Master, lived the life of love when hatred was doing its worst to him and I pray that his spirit may possess me and make me strong to do likewise. In his memory, for his sake, by his love, I eat this loaf in thankfulness and pray to be like him. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Colossians 3:12-14.*

RIGHTEOUS and Loving Father, how gratefully I drink of this cup, Thou knowest. Forgive me if I do so coldly, or thoughtlessly, yet, Lord, comfort me with its meaning and help me to enter into the rich experience of the life it symbolizes. I thank Thee for the life and death of Jesus Christ and especially for his example, patience, kindness, courage and gentleness when he was persecuted and hurt. Above all I thank Thee for the forgiveness of my sins which he gave by the cross. Help me to live by his love. For his name's sake. Amen.

IV. The Forward Look

“ ’TILL He come,” O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that, “ ’Till He come.”

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast!
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only, “ ’Till He come.”

Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is lost,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, “ ’Till He come.”

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, “ ’Till He come.”

—*E. H. Bickersteth.*

The Text

FOR as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come.—1 Cor. 11:26.

The Meditation

THE religion of Jesus Christ is a prophetic religion. It looks away from the fields of history, storm swept, scarred with war, and drenched with blood to a grand consummation of peace and glory. This consummation is popularly known as the "second coming of Christ." This is the very climax of optimism. It believes with the ardor of a thousand burning hearts that Jesus Christ will come back again without sin unto salvation. This lights the world with hope. It gives a sense of victory. "It cheers by a new vision of coming glory."

The Master himself spoke of the grandeur of this event—it would shine as the lightning from one side of the heaven to the other; and of the tenderness of this event—"I will come again and receive you unto myself"; and of the compensations of this event—"I will not leave you desolate: I come unto you"; and of the rewards and judgments of this event—"I go to prepare a place for you." It carries

with it the promise of victory over sin, and the grave; of reunion after separation; of the permanence in the Father's house of many mansions; and of the glorious vision of that one Face that reflects the glory of God; and of the vision of God himself. There have been many bitter arguments about the Second Coming of our Savior, but that is all fruitless and disappointing. Jesus states it as a positive fact that he will come back, but he fixes no date, declaring that it is a secret hidden in the depth of the Father's own heart. It is our part to believe, to expect it, to want it and to be ready.

O my soul, as those who watch by night, and never dim their lights until the day dawn and the shadows flee away, so this signal light of my hope shall never be neglected until I see the Son of Man coming in all his glory. Even so, come Lord Jesus.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 14:2, 3.*

OUR Father, bless this loaf to us and touch our hearts that we may receive it with faith, love and gratitude. We thank Thee for the rich assurance it gives us—assurance that we are accepted in the beloved and that our lives are hidden and glorified in Christ our Lord. Keep us day

by day that we sin not and that we live triumphant lives for time and eternity. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Matt. 26:27-29.*

OUR Father, we thank Thee for this hour of memory and of forelooking. By it we know that Jesus Christ can save unto the uttermost and that he will give unto the uttermost to save his people. We rejoice that we have become partakers of his life and grace, and that in Him and in his love, we may look away from the fleeting, changeful things of time to our Father's house of many mansions. Keep our hearts in Thy love and may we always be ready for the coming of Christ to receive us unto himself. We ask in His Name. Amen.

V. Jesus' Longing for Human Fellowship

SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some off'ring bring Thee now,
Something for Thee!

Give me a faithful heart,—
Likeness to Thee,—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,—
Something for Thee!

All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee!

—*Sylvanus D. Phelps.*

The Text

EARNESTLY have I longed to eat this Passover with you before I suffer; for I tell you that I certainly shall not eat one again till its full meaning has been brought out in the Kingdom of God.—Luke 22:15, 16, (*Weymouth*).

The Meditation

THE Passover was the great memorial of national deliverance from the Egyptian bondage and it meant everything to the apostles who gathered with Christ that night in the Upper Room. There was a fellowship of victory, of liberty, of hope. But now it was to be changed by the miracle of love and suffering into the greatest memorial of all the ages. The passover was glorified into the Lord's Supper. It was to become the heart-banquet of the disciples to the end of time.

This is the first meaning of the Lord's Supper. It is the pledge and expression of what Christ cares for his disciples—for us. In it he would say "Good-night," but in it also, thank God, he would put the golden hope of "Good morning." It is the love-call from the throne. When we truly partake of the bread and loaf we are answer-

ing "the earnest longing" of our Master. This is the deepest thing in this banquet of time and eternity—it satisfies the hunger of the heart for fellowship, for light, for promise and for the everlasting covenant of love.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Matthew 26:26.*

OUR heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this loaf and for the privileges of eating of it. May our hearts be pure and our vision clear as we partake. Grant unto us true satisfaction in the real presence of Christ who suffered for our sins in the contradictions and buffetings of sinners, in the Gethsemane struggle, in the humiliation of the judgment hall, and in the thorn-crown, the darkness, the cross and the grave. Bring the scenes of Calvary before us and help us to live for him who died for us. We ask it for his name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Matthew 26:27, 28.*

OUR loving Lord, we thank Thee for the love that will not let us go, that has followed us all the ways of our wandering and even during the hours of our forgetfulness, and brought us here today to remember Thee. Loving Father, have Thy way with our lives. May memory and love

master us and command our all for him who poured out his blood to get us remission of sins. We are ashamed, our Father, that ever we sinned and brought more sorrow into the world. We thank Thee for this cup. It is to us the cup of life. It assures us of the everlasting love. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

VI. Alone with Christ

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morn-
ing breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows
flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with
Thee.

Still, still with Thee; as to each newborn
morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking.
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and
heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-
shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee
there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-
ing,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawn-
ing,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with
Thee.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

The Text

AND wheresoever he shall enter in, say to the master of the house, The Teacher saith, Where is my guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples? And he will himself show you a large upper room furnished and ready for us.—*Mark 14:14, 15.*

The Meditation

JESUS and his disciples craved escape from the world. The nation had rejected him and human bloodhounds were on his trail. There was no way to fight the battle except with strength gathered in quiet times, and from fellowship with his disciples and with God. They went to the Upper Room for refuge and quiet and still it is so for those who feel that the world presses heavily upon them. In all ages, with souls made as sensitive and beautiful as flowers washed in dew, Christ's true followers have felt the coarseness and harshness of the world. In order to overcome and live masterful and serene lives they have had quiet times apart. The Lord's Supper shuts out the world, the noise of the market place, and the jangling strife for fame, and lets the heart hear the

music, get the strength and gain the new visions that give victory. In the experiences with the Lord's Supper one often sees things that cannot be uttered; but he learns the sufficiency of Christ's grace and learns to sing even when the thorn rankles red in the heart.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 13:1.*

OUR Gracious God, we thank Thee for these times apart when the noises of the world are hushed, and its power over our hearts is broken so that we can hear Thy voice and the loving word of our Master saying "Come unto me and rest." In the world we have tribulation; and sometimes its temptations almost overwhelm us; but with Thee there is safety and there is peace. We thank Thee Father, for this loaf to be broken. Let it be the bread of life to our souls—and let it make us forever loyal by causing us to remember that Christ's body was broken for our sins. We ask for His name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 13:31-35.*

OUR Strong, Loving Father, may nothing ever arise to pluck us out of Thy hand or lure us away from Thy presence. Grant that always above the world's voices we may hear Thee speaking and that sweeter than all its sweetest words we may

hear Thy still small voice in our hearts. Today we drink anew this cup which calls us to think of the bitter cost of sin and of the wonderful joys of redemption. In memory of the broken and bleeding heart we drink once more the ruddy fruit of the vine and our hearts cling to Thee with a love stronger than life and death. Through Jesus our Lord. Amen.

VII. Guests of the Master

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to
face;

Here would I touch and handle things un-
seen;

Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal
grace,

And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;

Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
Heaven;

Here would I lay aside each earthly load;

Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-
given.

This is the hour of banquet and of song;

This is the heavenly table spread for me;

Here let me feast, and, feasting, still pro-
long

The brief, bright hour of fellowship with
Thee.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;

The feast, though not the love, is past
and gone;

The bread and wine remove, but Thou art
here,

Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,

Yet, passing, points to the glad feast
above,

Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,

The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss
and love.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

The Text

AND he received a cup, and when he had given thanks, he said, Take this and divide it among yourselves; He took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave to them. And the cup in like manner after supper.
—Luke 22:17-20.

The Meditation

THE key word of the text today is “take.” The rich idea is that the Lord’s Supper is something given to the disciple by Jesus Christ. This expresses the hospitality of the Master. In the Upper Room he received his friends as his guests and he cheered them with the welcome of love. Once there lived an old book lover who had gathered the oldest and the newest books from all over the world. His chief delight was to show his guests his library. He would give them rare beautiful volumes as mementoes of their visits to that precious inner shrine. So at his table, Christ gave gifts to his apostles—who were his guests and his friends forever. Truly each heart could sing—“Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine

enemies.' ' It was night and it was the valley of the shadow of death, but Christ gave them the gifts of peace, of love, and the star of hope to shine bright and deathless in their hearts. Kings may give gold and rubies, but these will be snatched away by death. The gifts of Christ are woven like threads of eternity into the soul and they can never be taken away. When we come to the Lord's Supper we are guest-friends of the Master and there is nothing to be desired beyond such a privilege.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Rev. 2:17.*

OUR Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for that new and heavenly relationship Thou hast established between ourselves and Thee through the sufferings and hurt of Thy Son Jesus. We thank Thee for the gifts of peace, purity, love, joy and hope he gave us by his life and by his death. We are guests at his table today. We thank Thee for the loaf. Let us find in it the hidden manna which will revive us by the way and give us sweet foretaste of the Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love, in Thy house eternal in the Heavens. We ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 14:27.*

OUR Gracious God, what a wonderful hour, when we are shut off from the world and sit down as guests and disciples at our own Master's Table. What shall we render unto Thee for this cup—what shall we do to show how our hearts respond with tearful gladness to the gifts of the precious blood of Jesus? We can do nothing, O God, but repent of our sins, turn away from the world and drink the cup which gives us Thy love and Thy life. May this cup truly be to us the cup of blessing. We ask it for his name's sake. Amen.

VIII. The Soul's New Covenant

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

—Charlotte Elliott.

The Text

NOW the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great shepherd of the sheep with the blood of an eternal covenant, even our Lord Jesus, make you perfect in every good thing to do his will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be the glory forever and ever. Amen.—*Heb. 13:20, 21.*

The Meditation

NEVER was a more beautiful prayer uttered. It commits the soul to the Great Good Shepherd who will bring his people again from the dead by the blood of an eternal covenant or atonement. The Master himself spoke of the cup at the first supper as “the new covenant in my blood.”

First, the Lord's Supper is a *covenant*. Partaking of it the soul finds itself in tune with the Infinite and becomes able to receive the rhythmic tides of love that flow from the Great Overheart. It means also that God has tied himself to man with the love that will not let him go.

Second, it is a *new* covenant. *New* as against the old Jewish order; new, also

as against man's old, natural, worldly life when he was alien from God and his heart was cold. In it man has new experiences of life and love. The broken heart and the crushed life blossom red again from dust and defeat.

Third, it is a covenant *sealed in blood*. The Greyfriars in Edinburgh, in those old dark days of the Scottish reformation, signed the National Covenant. Noblemen and gentlemen, men of every rank and station wrote their names on this document, many of them signing in their own blood. The Lord's Supper reminds us that our saving covenant with God is written in the blood of Christ. Our hearts are indeed lifted into gratitude by this remembrance.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Romans 8:38, 39.*

OUR Heavenly Father, grant us the refreshing that comes from eating the bread of life, as we now seek to express our thanks with these elements for our heart's language. We thank Thee that Jesus died on the cross to reveal Thy love to us and to save us from our sins, which are many. May our strength be renewed as the eagle's by the presence of our Master to-day, that we may be able to resist tempta-

tion and present our lives, holy, acceptable, sacrificial to Thee. In Jesus' name we ask. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Matthew 28:20.*

WE thank Thee, our blessed Father, that Thou art with us through all the days —the bright days and the dark ones, through lonely nights of watching and long days of toiling. We thank Thee for these special moments beside the Table of Remembrance and pray today that Thou wilt give us the glad, full life of this new covenant, that our hearts may hunger and thirst no more and that the work of our hands may be acceptable to Thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

IX. The Seal of Brotherhood

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be Thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

The Text

WHEN therefore he was gone out, Jesus saith, Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him; and God shall glorify him in himself, and straightway shall he glorify him. Little children, ye a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me: and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye cannot come; so now I say unto you, A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.—*John 13:31-35.*

The Meditation

JUDAS must go out from the Table because he did not have the brother-heart. The blood-red seal of the cross stamps people as brothers for time and eternity. The Lord's Supper makes those who partake of it strangely, wonderfully, divinely aware of each other. This is illustrated in the experience of Donald Hankey, who wrote *A Student in Arms*—in some ways one of the most touching and wistful books known to us. He tasted the sweetness of life—and

then drank the cup of early death in the World War. But it was not bitter, for in drinking of it he became a partaker of life eternal. The communion service was a mystical experience to him. He wrote of it:

“Now one Sunday morning the Student who is now transferred to the home establishment, went, as his custom is, to Holy Communion, where he took the Bread and Wine in the visible company of the sergeant-major's wife and daughter. But when he shut his eyes he saw a whole host of figures kneeling, as he thought, at his side. They were the comrades of a year ago. Now they are scattered. Some are dead and some maimed, some are still fighting, and some promoted. Never again shall they meet in this world. Yet the Student prays that if ever he forgets them, or is ashamed of them, he may be cut off from the company of honest men.”

Eternally they had been sealed to his soul in the Lord's Supper. So with all who truly come to the Table. Multitudes and multitudes of God's children all over the world sit with them in the mystical, tender, wonder-filled spiritual hour. They are held together by the Great Seal of brotherhood.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 14:14-18.*

OUR Lord, our Elder Brother, we thank Thee for the seal of the blood covenant with which we bind our hearts to Thee and to one another. May we experience in partaking of this loaf a new, a deeper and a sweeter life than ever before. And grant that nothing may be so alluring to us that we will be blinded or forget Thy love—or forget one another. O Lord, may that deep mystic power which binds us together in an unbreakable, eternal seal of loyalty work now in our hearts. In Jesus' wonderful name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 14:19-21.*

HEAR God and Father of all who truly love, let our eyes be unveiled and our hearts touched with the grace of the eternal atonement as we drink of this cup. Satisfy our hearts with Thine own self and grant us the sense of our loved ones here and far away, on this earth and in heaven, as we drink of it. We thank Thee, Lord, for our friends in God, for our comrades in work and suffering on this earth; and we thank Thee with great joy that we are sealed together and sealed to Thee forever and ever by the precious blood of Jesus Christ. In his name we pray. Amen.

X. The Supper and Christian Union

O THOU, Who from one blood didst
make

All men and nations, great and small,
Who didst in wondrous love create

That perfect Love that loveth all;

O give us grace to lay to heart

The dangers by division wrought,

To live a life of love in Christ,

And learn the lesson He hath taught.

One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one

Almighty King, on Whom we call,

One way on earth, one hope of heaven,

One God and Father of us all;—

So may we all in heart and mind

Be one in Thee, and live to share

The want of others, and combine

Our common wants in common prayer;

Until we all be one, as Thou

Art One with Thine eternal Son,

One with Thy saints on earth below,

And still to endless ages, One.

—*Godfrey Thring.*

The Text

WE who are many, are one bread, one body:

For we all partake of the one bread.—1 Cor. 10:17.

And the glory which Thou hast given me I have given unto them: that they may be one even as we are one; I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be perfected into one.—John 17:22, 23.

The Meditation

LOVE is the tie that binds. In this way the Lord's Supper becomes an irresistible force drawing Christ's disciples together.

It is said that the first modern act of Christian union was at the Table. When Christians commenced feeling the wrongness of their divisions they sought to cast them out and wear them down and they almost naturally went to the Table. Suggestive and wonderful incident.

2. When I fix my heart on my Master I cannot be cold toward my brother. If I think of mere doctrines they do not warm my heart and make me love; but when I think of Christ I love all men. At the

Table the disciples approached Christ and so approach one another.

3. When I look at the face of Christ I cannot hold to unkind feelings. He forgave me so much—he keeps forgiving me so much. My heart is purified. Nothing ignoble can live in his presence. The apostles could not keep up their ambitious contentions in the Upper Room because the presence, humility and love of the Master shamed them out of such unworthy feelings. I cannot quarrel with my brother when the Master is present. I must love him and share his sorrows and rejoice in his joys.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 15:12.*

MY Forgiving and Loving Master, may Thy spirit pass into my soul as I eat this bread. Make it to me the bread of life. I would cast out of my heart everything that offends and that is unholy. And, Master, if I am not able to do this, if I am weak, if I hold too strongly to the earth, if I lean too hard on my own understanding or feeling, forgive me and deliver me. Save me from the unkind feeling and tongue and make me to love Thee supremely that I may love my brother truly. Accept my thanks, dear Lord and Master for this loaf. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 John 4:18-21.*

DEAR Father, grant that I may taste in this cup again the calm of sin forgiven and that my heart may glow with the warmth of a great love. May I remember Thee, O Master, when the burden is heavy, and when my heart tends to grow bitter; and do Thou look on me and restore me if I am fainting or falling away. O Jesus, Lord, Master, help me to fulfill the purpose of Thy Love in my life and grant that I may love the brethren because I love Thee and because Thou lovest us all together. O Master, love us out of selfishness and division into love and unity and purity and joy forevermore. Amen.

XI. Love and Loyalty

FAIREST Lord Jesus!
Ruler of all nature!
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou! my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels Heaven can boast.

—*Translated from the German in 1850,*
by R. Storrs Willis.

The Text

A NEW commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.—
John 13:34, 35.

The Meditation

THE final triumph of Jesus Christ is assured because he based his kingdom on the strongest force known in the universe. That force is love. Where love is God is. Where God is, omnipotence is. The church is organized love. Thus it grows out of the nature of God for God is love. The difference between the method of Jesus and great world conquerors like Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, is that they sought to rule the world by force while he will rule it by love. To be ruled by force is contrary to man's free spirit; but to be ruled by love is his joy and passion. Taking love as the foundation of a world order was indeed new. It was as beautiful as new and it established a kind of loyalty that led men to give up their lives gladly rather than deny their Lord. The mastery

achieved by the martyr was based on love. The loyalty of men today is to be tested by whether they love—and not by a creed. Christ estimates our loyalty to him by our love to one another. This is the true sign of the kingdom. Judas could betray Jesus because he did not love. It was impossible to John because he loved. There is not a tinge of treachery in love. It is the real loyalty that is stronger than death. The observance of the Lord's Supper is the expression and cultivation of that loyalty.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read 1 John 2:1-3.*

O GOD, our Father who art in Heaven, who didst give Thine only begotten Son to die on the Cross for our salvation, we thank Thee for Thine unspeakable gift. Bless the loaf for us today and may we partake of it discerning the Lord's body. Free us from the sin of selfishness and shed abroad in our hearts the love which leans on Thee, and embraces our brothers, and holds to Jesus Christ with a grip stronger than death. We ask for His Name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 John 1:6, 7.*

OUR Blessed God and Father, may all our sins be washed away today that we may partake of this sacred cup with prepared souls. Let not the world have dominion over us, making us cold and formal; but grant us a new vision, a fresh experience of the suffering Savior that our hearts may burn within us as we come to the Table which is spread in the church in memory of Him. Strengthen us for tomorrow's task and tomorrow's temptation by this hour of communion. We pray in our Master's name. Amen.

XII. Friends of the Master

(A Young People's Communion)

JUST as I am, thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might;
Therefore, to thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

—*Marianne Hearn.*

The Text

GREATER love hath no man than this. *that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you. No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you.*—John 15:13-15.

The Meditation

ACCORDING to this beautiful word of our Master, the Table reveals his friends. Of all the experiences of earth, not one can be better than that. It has a thousand rich returns. All the fine things of life sooner or later grow out of friendship.

It is a mighty lifting power that exalts the lesser until he gains the strength and beauty of the greater. For friendship is made through unselfishness and it is rose-red and rose-fragrant with the sacrificial life. This divine-human friendship seen at the Lord's Table was made at the cost of the cross. Its value is far beyond the dream of human wisdom.

Friendship is a kind of chemistry of the

soul. It changes people from image to image. When one asked Charles Kingsley the secret of his beautiful life, he answered reverently: "I had a friend."

In friendship there is a sacred mutual understanding, a far, searching insight of souls so illumined that it reveals depth and knowledge unspeakable. Only friends can really know each other. Hence those who come truly to the Table get the deep and mystical vision which makes the will of God clear and sweet.

As Abraham followed the call of voices out of the invisible and knew himself the friend of God, so at the Table the disciples realize the presence of Christ and the penitent, the broken-hearted, the obedient, and those who hunger and thirst after righteousness and after love hear him whisper, "Ye are my friends."

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Isaiah 53:3-6.*

O LORD, our Master, surely Thou art to us a great and wonderful Friend. Thou hast borne our griefs, Thou hast been beaten with our stripes. What can friend do for friend more than to take his blows and shelter him from storms? What more than to lay down his life for him? We thank Thee, our Master, for the gifts of

Thy wonderful friendship and we would lay all that we possess down at Thy feet—yea, we give into Thy keeping and guidance our souls, our lives, our all. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Luke 22:24-30.*

O CHRIST, our Master, we thank Thee for the divine friendship and we drink this cup rejoicing that we have been lifted up into such an honor and such an experience. Thy love hath made us great—great in our joy, great in the position we occupy in Thy kingdom, great in our hopes and great in our love for Thee and for one another, great in our place in the universe through Thy redemption. Forgive our sins, our Master, and hold us eternally in the warm, sweet, tender grasp of Thy friendship. Amen.

XIII. The Song at the Lord's Table

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
Our Saviour wrestles lone, with fears: •
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Are borne the songs that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

—*William B. Tappan.*

The Text

AND when they had sung a hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives.—*Mark 14:26.*

Oh give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good; For his lovingkindness endureth forever.—Psalm 136:1.

The Meditation

THERE is a bird which sings its sweetest songs when it is raining. We prize the mocking bird because it sings all night. All other birds sing in the lilt of the mocking bird.

So there is something sweet and wonderful in the Lord's Supper because it inspires to songs in the night. Into that song all the notes of the human heart must have been poured. It commands all tones and moods.

How could my Master sing when he faced such deep and awful experiences as Gethsemane, the unjust trials, carrying his own cross and finally the blackness of the crucifixion? It was the new song of love and redemption. It was a song of deliverance like that which the redeemed in heaven shall sing. No night is so dark that love cannot put stars into it, and none so gloomy that love cannot wake it to song.

Most likely the song used was the 136th psalm known as the Great Hallel. It contains twenty-six verses and every one is a rapture of victory declaring the goodness of God and the everlasting endurance of his lovingkindness, out of which all our hymns are made. No doubt this first communion hymn was a psalm of victory and the apostles and the Lord sang it more as a Marseillaise than as a miserere. It was a song in the night—it was victory. I know myself a victor over the world when I can calmly sit with my Master at the communion Table.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Psalm 42:2.*

O GOD, we thank Thee that by partaking of this loaf we enter into a fellowship that has lived for thousands of years. We thank Thee that somehow we draw joy and gladness out of all the lives that have ever been won to Thee. We thank Thee that Thou givest us songs in the night. Forbid, O God, that we should ever forget to sing in our hearts the new song of joy beside the Lord's Table. We rejoice that Jesus died to set us free. As imprisoned birds, let loose into the sparkle and gold of the morning light, sing, so do we, O God, rejoice that we may partake of this loaf. In Jesus' precious name. Amen.

2. **The Cup.** *Read Revelation 1:5, 6; 5:9; 15:2-4.*

O LORD, our Loving God, great and marvelous are Thy works of grace and mercy! How shall we render thanks unto Thee for Thy gifts and Thy salvation? We are able to sing songs in the night because Thou dost love us and because Jesus died on the cross to save us. Today, also, O God, we may sing a new song. The old things 'have died away and the new floods of light and love, and power, and purpose have poured into our hearts. Our song, Gracious God, is a song of deliverance. We have been loosed from our sins by his blood—our burden has fallen away at the sight of the cross. O Father, we thank Thee for Thy Suffering Son, who is our Savior. Amen.

XIV. The Rose Garden of God

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives they were not blind to Him:
The little grey leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.

When Death and Shame would woo Him
last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

The Text

WHEN Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Kidron, where was a garden, into which he entered, himself and his disciples.—*John 18:1.*

And he was parted from them about a stone's cast; and he kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling down upon the ground.—*Luke 22: 41-44.*

The Meditation

GETHSEMANE has been called the rose garden of God. Every beautiful thing comes out of sacrifice. Suffering love always shames our selfishness and kindles in us noble desires. The blood drops of Gethsemane have fallen upon millions of souls and made every one a garden of God.

The tempter that tried to ruin the Mas-

ter in the wilderness made his final assault in Gethsemane but here also love conquered sin. The Master made the great sacrificial surrender to God's will and Satan departed. Then the angels came and ministered unto him. In this lonely struggle in the darkness he learned obedience and found the majestic calmness which made him master as he stood in the trial of worldly courts, as he carried his cross on the sorrowful way, and as he went out into the black night of Calvary. Besides all this there is a deep mystery in Gethsemane, as there is in the Lord's Supper, which prepared him for it. The roses which bloom in God's garden are red with the blood of the heart. Some of them are conviction, obedience, fellowship, faithfulness and the ministry of the angels. These all grow in the soul as we sit in the memory hour, at the feast of the heart, which is the Lord's Supper.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Matthew 26:36-46.*

O GOD of Mercy and Kindness, our blessed Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for this loaf of which Thou dost invite us to partake in spite of our faults and shortcomings. We are not worthy, Father, to sit at this table but we thank Thee

that Thou hast given the love that washes our souls of every stain and makes us accepted in the Beloved, Jesus Christ who died on the cross to save us from our sins. Father, grant us fuller understanding of Thy Son, our Savior, as we eat of the loaf in his memory. For His name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Mark 14:32-42.*

O FATHER of Light and of Love, at Thy word we have the boldness to draw near to the Table today, and to drink of the cup which symbolizes the precious blood of Thy Son Jesus Christ, who freely gave himself up on the cross that we might live. How wonderful is this moment to us, our Father. We thank Thee for its fresh gifts of experience, for its assurance of the unfailingness of Thy forgiveness, for the new brilliant visions of our crucified Lord which it brings before our hearts. Help us, our Father, to live the life symbolized by this Cup. We ask in Jesus' precious name. Amen.

XV. Watching with Christ

HOW gladly would I watch with Thee,
In crowded street, on land, on sea.
Or shadowed in Gethsemane,—
If I but knew a way.

I'd dare the Roman soldier's spear,
And stand in spite of dread and fear,
Even unto suffering and tear—
If there were need today.

To guide a blind man on the street,
And make safe ways for children's feet.
Will this be watching, as is meet,
According to Thy wish?

When tyranny would crush the weak,
Or any evil hurt the meek,
Then I will lift my hand, and speak—
Is that to watch with Thee?

A sentinel for all who need,
A friend to all who pray and bleed,
And for the old and poor to plead.—
Do these beg watch with Thee?

To sit with those who pray for light
And pass with anguish through the night—
Or who with fear and evil fight,
Is that to watch with Thee?

—Ornis Akers.

The Text

THEN cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto his disciples, Sit ye here, while I go yonder and pray. And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and sore troubled. Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: abide ye here, and watch with me. And he went forward a little, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.—Matt. 26:36-41.

The Meditation

“**M**Y soul, hast thou considered these words, ‘Could ye not watch with me one hour!’ It is like the head-nurse in a hospital rebuking the sleep of the under-nurses. In the great hospital of Time, Jesus was keeping watch by the couch of a sick world.

In the same ward, with the same patient to take care of, His disciples had fallen asleep. He said to them, He says to thee, 'Couldst thou not watch with me one hour!' What He asks of thee is not sentimental sympathy; it is sympathy in a cause. He does not ask, 'Dost thou feel *for* me?' Wouldst thou have communion with Jesus; then must thou share the *watch* of Jesus! The communion *He* desires is a community of object. He wants thee to have a kindred taste with Him—to love what He loves, to hate what He hates. It is a small thing to Him that thou shouldst cry 'Lord, Lord!' His question to thee is, 'Canst thou drink of my cup?' His cup is to watch by the sick-bed of the world. Canst thou join Him, O my soul? Canst thou pace with Him the wards of Time? Canst thou watch with Him in the infirmary of broken hearts? Canst thou bind with Him the wounds of the fallen? Canst thou heal with Him the bruises of those beaten in the world's battle? Canst thou calm with Him the nerves unhinged by life's fitful fever? Canst thou even keep awake, through the night, in sympathy with His vigil? Then, in the days to come, shall thy Father say to thee, 'Did I not see thee in the Garden with Him!' "

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 11:8-11.*

OUR faithful and loving Father, as we partake of this loaf and remember how Jesus watches by us in sickness and loneliness, we 'pledge our lives anew to him in heartfelt gratitude. We pledge the hand clasp of fellowship to all our brothers who suffer. Help us, Lord, to be the bread of comfort to those who long for the vision of a face that is kind and the touch of a hand that is tender. Make us like Thyself, our Master, we pray Thee. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 11:14-16.*

OUR Father, we drink this cup with joy and with deep penitence for all our sins. When we think how Jesus gave up all for us; how he has been with us through all our days, in sickness and in health, in work and in rest; how he has watched with us when temptations assailed and sorrows threatened to overwhelm; our poor stammering words seem to mock us. Our forgetfulness of him and of our brothers many times when they sorely needed us, brings poignant reproaches to our hearts. Yet, Father, Thou canst make us more thoughtful and fill our hearts with the spirit of the Master. We drink the cup in his name and we would gain strength to watch with him for men and with men when anguish wrings their hearts. In his name. Amen.

XVI. Sharing the Cross with Christ

MAY I have been the cross alone,
And all the world go free?

Has death a name for every one,
And death a name for me?

How happy are the souls above,
Who have never known the cross!
But now they come down to me,
And say without a word:

The cross is mine, I'll bear it,
You need not go for me,
And now go home and tell us this—
For death is a name for me.

Upon the cross he died for me,
At Jesus' pierced side,
And I'll bear up for his cross,
And His dear name repeat.

—Thomas Haywards

The Text

AND they compel one passing by, Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to go with them that he might bear his cross.—Mark 15:21.

The Meditation

THE Table teaches that while we get the unspeakable benefits of the cross, we must also share the cross with the Master. It is the glory of life in Christ that his disciples may help him bear the load that rests upon him every day. Often duty lays crosses upon us which we accept willingly. Sometimes we have them thrust upon us by circumstances and may be inclined to fret. But if we find out they are crosses of Christ we can bear them with joy. Simon of Cyrene, a stranger, must have felt terrified by the danger, victimized by the injustice and humiliated by the apparent disgrace of having this cross forced upon him, but it turned out to be his most wonderful hour. He met Christ through the medium of suffering and that changed all the world for him. From that moment his soul was given up in loyalty and love to the pale, slight Man who had stumbled and fallen under the weight of

the cross. Not for worlds would Simon have forfeited that honor. It was the look of Christ, and the love of Christ, and maybe the touch of Christ that changed the cross from something that terrified him, that humiliated him to something that made him bold and glad, and that exalted him to a supreme place in history. It was the most eminent and the tenderest service any man ever rendered for Jesus Christ. It was the greatest day in Simon's life. Not alone did it make Simon able to win his own souls to the new and better way, but countless millions have coveted the opportunity Simon had that morning under the purple Syrian sky. Our crosses always hurt. Their weight makes us stumble; but what a glory if they are borne for Christ and what honor they bring. We bear crosses for Christ and enter into his sufferings, when we do our duty faithfully, though they may seem to make life a thorn-crown.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Philipians 2:5-8.*

GRACIOUS Father, let us learn how to enter into the service and sufferings of our Master, as we enter into the joys of His redemption. May we see the pledge of his abiding presence and love in the bread

we now eat. And grant it to us, Lord, that we may be brave enough and strong enough to do our duty, even though that means walking toward Calvary carrying a cross. We thank Thee, our Father, for this loaf and for the presence of the Master, promised us when we partake of it. And we thank Thee for our share in His sufferings. Through his name. Amen..

2. The Cup. *Read Matthew 20:20-23.*

BLESSED Father, help us to learn the lesson and get the strength of the cup we now drink. We have our poorer moments when we try to escape work, and sorrow, and suffering and all kinds of cross-bearing. Forgive us the sins of heart that come in such hours, and in all hours and grant us the courage of soul, the loftiness of soul, the nobility of soul, the integrity of soul that will make us rejoice in helping Jesus Christ bear the crosses necessary to save the world as well as ourselves. We thank Thee, Father, for the comfort and assurance of this hour and for the great exaltation that enables us to feel we have a part in carrying the burdens of a suffering and sorrowing world. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

XVII. The Sympathy of Christ

JESUS wept: those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus—
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

Jesus wept, and still, in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear—
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

Jesus wept: that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, today, tomorrow,
He the same shall ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany.

—*Edward Denny.*

The Text

A VAST crowd of the people also followed him, and of women who were beating their breasts and wailing for him. But Jesus turned towards them and said.

“Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children. For a time is coming when they will say, ‘Blessed are the women who never bore children, and the breasts which have never given nourishment.’ Then will they begin to say to the mountains, ‘Fall on us’; and to the hills, ‘Cover us’ (Hos. 10:8). For if they are doing these things in the case of the green tree, what will be done in that of the dry?”—Luke 23:27-31 (Weymouth).

The Meditation

IN this Scripture, we see our Master forgetting his own awful sufferings in the sympathy for the women who showed him kindness when all the rest of the world seemed utterly and bitterly against him. He was touched by this courage with a great tenderness and his soul was wounded still deeper by the approaching cloud which would be breaking over the daughters of Jerusalem out of the dark days not far away.

It must have been the coming destruction of Jerusalem that rose, a hideous blackness, before him. This event probably brought more sufferings to the women and children than any other that ever smote a city. It was the sympathy of Jesus that caused him to go to the cross in order to save the weak and helpless from such experiences. He lives and works for this still. He returned to heaven that he might love more, not less, and now the heavens and earth are full of the fragrance of his love. Incarnation was limitation. Ascension was expansion. Death ripened him back again into the golden fullness of a heavenly state. There is not a bed of pain, nor a broken life, nor an anguished soul, nor a lonely, persecuted, hurt human being; not a little child nor a frail woman who has not the sympathy of our Great Christ. He is on his throne but his throne is not far away. The Table is to remind us of his nearness to all who need him and want him.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Luke 13:10-16.*

WE bless this bread, our Gracious Father, because it is the gift of our Master to us, and because we would show forth his death and express the living love of Thy church and of our own hearts. We thank Thee, O Great Friend, for Thy life on earth, and for Thy sympathy which comforts, cleanses, strengthens, refines and inspires us, as we come and go at our daily tasks. We thank Thee for the hope that there is nothing crooked which Thou wilt not make straight and that Thou wilt wipe all tears from the eyes of Thy people and lead them to living fountains of water. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 12:32-35.*

OUR Heavenly Father, we pray that the grace and kindness of our Loving Master, in whose memory we drink this cup, may be seen and felt in our touch upon life. Deliver us from hard-heartedness. As our Master wept with those who wept and rejoiced with those who rejoiced, so would we enter with friendship and kindness into the lives of our fellow men and women. Use us, O Master, as vessels of Thy sympathy to carry bread to the hungry and strength to those who may be fighting against odds to win the crown of life. We ask in Thy name. Amen.

XVIII. The Witness of the Cross

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—Isaac Watts.

The Text

AND Jesus uttered a loud voice, and gave up the ghost. And the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top to the bottom. And when the centurion, who stood by over against him, saw that he so gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this man was the Son of God.—Mark 15: 37-39.

The Meditation

THE cross gives special witness to the divinity of Jesus Christ. A famous man said, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God." The influences that have issued from the cross grow larger as the ages come and go, and they make this statement all the more impressive. "Surely this was the Son of God"—my heart answers to that faith and repeats it with deepening conviction and ever-brightening enthusiasm.

As we watch the cross, the Master on the cross, his soul is revealed by his seven sayings. We see him moving from infinite compassion through "the dark night of the soul," in physical agony, making the royal gift of Paradise and the beautiful provision of a home for his mother, till He passes into

the mystery and wonder of the spiritual by the sublime act of yielding up his soul to God. It is the whole gamut of spiritual experience. Oh, never man lived like this Man, never man spake like him, never man died like him. The scene convinced even the hardened centurion of the divinity of Jesus Christ.

The only power that can convert a cold, unbelieving world is that of a suffering Savior. The cross is a perfect witness to the divinity of Jesus Christ and to the Eternal Atonement which is the love of God exerted through him. This shows how important and wonderful the Lord's Supper, which causes us to meditate often upon Jesus Christ and his love. It will prevent those who steadily attend it from drifting into doubt and the wreckage of character.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Luke 23:39-43.*

OUR Father who art in Heaven, we thank Thee for the vision of the suffering Savior, which assures our hearts each time we look upon it of Thy love and that Jesus Christ is Thy Son. Our hearts bow in adoration as we look upon Him and think of that which we always receive as we partake of this loaf. Our Father, we trust in Him, we give ourselves up to His leading

and to His salvation. Grant us forgiveness, and peace, and power, we ask in His name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 19:25-27.*

OUR Father, bless this cup of which we drink to the building of our faith and love. Here, O Father, by the Table our doubts flee away, like shadows when the sun rises, and here Jesus, Thine only begotten Son, always grows greater and more wonderful to our minds and hearts. We thank Thee that He has given all good and precious gifts to His people and we thank Thee that we have an humble place amongst those who can claim this exceeding great and precious promise. As Thou didst prepare a home on earth for Mary, broken and shelterless, give to us wanderers of earth a homing place in Thine eternal dwelling. We ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

XIX. Why He Died

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

—*Augustus M. Toplady.*

The Text

FOR I delivered unto you first of all that which also I received: that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.—1 Cor. 15:3.

The Meditation

THERE is more in Christ's death than the intellect can explain. But the heart knows—at least in part. The heart is greater than the intellect.

The long history of man's struggle against sin shows that the cross is *the chief power that lifts man up*. It is the cross on Calvary and it is the cross in a life. No man is saved without the suffering of another. Man is saved by what is done for him. What is done *for* him makes a change *in* him. We are all made new by the sacraments of help that often come from the agony of our friends.

The cross makes one loathe his sins. In the long run we cannot endure what would kill the good, the beautiful and the true. Like the penitent thief we become disgusted with evil and its blackness and turn to Christ with his infinite purity and matchless tenderness.

The death of Christ lures man away from his sins. It is the divine gravity. At the Table we are made peculiarly, and sometimes overwhelmingly aware of this wonderful fact. Week by week we are reminded of the love that will not let us go, that makes our lives blossom red from the dust and grime and degradation of earthly and sinful things into a life that shall endless be.

The sight of the suffering Savior holds us back from sin. The boy who had left the country and come to the city could not go with evil companions to sin as long as his mother's picture hung in view on the wall of his room. We cannot sin if we are constant in our place at the Table—for who can bear to add another stinging thorn to His brow or fling the lancet that draws more drops of blood from His heart?

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Romans 5:7-9.*

FATHER in Heaven, grant to us Thy frail children of earth, the peace and strength that come from partaking of this loaf. Break the bread of life to our hungry hearts and enable us to discern the broken body of the blessed Lord beyond the physical bread

we are about to eat. We thank Thee, our Father, that Jesus died for our sins. Help us to baptize our hearts in the cleansing and wonder of this sacrifice and so to gain purity, and power. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Romans 5:10, 11.*

OUR Gracious God, we humbly partake of this cup with glad and thankful hearts.

We confess our sins and with deep repentance would turn away from them forever. We can understand now that our sins cause suffering in the world, even as they have made our own hearts feverish and restless. They have taken away our power and our happiness. We thank Thee, dear Lord, that there is a way to be free from them and that in this cup we may drink the life, and power, and beauty, and joy of Jesus Christ. We are not worthy, Lord, but in the overwhelming glory and flood tides of tenderness and cleansing in the blood of Jesus we are emboldened to come to Thee and to show our faith and love and gratitude in partaking of this cup, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

XX. No Greater Love

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care:
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Text

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—*John 15:13.*

For while we were yet weak, in due season Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: for peradventure for the good man some one would even dare to die. But God commendeth his own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Romans 5:6-8.

The Meditation

WHEN we come to the Table we think of the love that is greater than all other loves. That was the love that beat in the Master's bosom for his brothers and friends on earth. Yes, and for his enemies too. His was the only heart that ever beat on earth, which no tincture of hatred ever poisoned for a single moment.

Dr. J. R. Miller tells a touching story which he uses as a parable of the divine love—the love that enthralls and cleanses us at the Table. In a terrible winter many years ago, an army was flying from Moscow. In the army were a young German

prince and some German soldiers. Many of the soldiers fell down and perished in the dreadful cold. One evening only a handful remained with the prince. They came to a ruined shed which had been built for cattle. There they sought shelter for the night. Hungry, cold, and weary, they lay down to sleep. The men were rough and stern, yet, when they saw their prince, used to comforts, spent, heart and body, sleeping now in the fearful night, they were moved to pity. They took off their own cloaks and laid them gently on him as he slept. Then they lay down themselves to sleep uncovered. Morning came, and the prince awoke, warm and refreshed. He raised his head. All was silent about him save the wild wind. Where were his men? He saw their forms covered with snow. He called—no answer. One glance and he saw all. Their cloaks were all piled upon him, and they were dead—dead through love for him.

“You turn your eyes toward the cross, and there is Jesus dead, while in your soul are the warm throbbings of life. You have peace, joy, hope, comfort, while about him the winter winds of woe beat, and the snows of sorrow fall,—dead, that you might live.”

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read 1 Cor. 15:3.*

OUR Father who art in Heaven, what word of gratitude is sufficient as we remember that Christ died for our sins. There is no speech nor language deep enough to tell what we owe, to express what we feel. Yet we come to give Thee the best thanks we can utter in the poor, lisping, stammering speech of earth, for the loaf and its assurances of the love of our Great Eternal Friend. Our Father, accept our thanks and draw us closer to our Savior. We ask for his name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 Cor. 10:16.*

OUR Father, prepare our hearts to partake of this cup that it may be to us the cup of the Lord. Too eager, our Father, have we been to drink the cup of pleasure, too eager to taste of the mere joys of time. We thank Thee now for the taste of life and the sense of eternal peace and heavenly satisfaction that we drink from the cup which Christ gave us by his death. Help us, our Father to imitate our Savior in his holiness and sacrifice and to have fellowship with him in all his works, as we drink the cup of salvation today. Amen.

XXI. The Greatness of Redemption

IN the Cross of Christ I glory:
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

—*John Bowring.*

The Text

KNOWING that ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, with silver or gold, from your vain manner of life handed down from your fathers; but with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ: who was foreknown indeed before the foundation of the world, but was manifested at the end of the times for your sake, who through him are believers in God, that raised him from the dead, and gave him glory; so that your faith and hope might be in God.—1 Peter 1:18-21.

The Meditation

THAT must be a mighty force which can break the power of the old life. Streams of tendency running down through thousands of generations surge and swell in the heart. The old life like an old garment fits us without irritation. The dreams of many ages are woven into it. Yet it may be utterly unworthy and the soul in which reside prophetic powers and deep longings for the higher things makes effort to rise and be free. No matter to a caged bird that the bars are golden, the frame-work

of pearl, and the door inlaid with gems, the bird is dissatisfied. The soul is like the bird striving to rise to its own sky of dreams about God and life. Gold and silver cannot furnish the spiritual energy required to make a new order for man or a new era for the soul. Some one must suffer for it. There is not enough gold in the world to redeem one soul. Suffering love alone can cure the sins of the world and make it sweet and wholesome. All that we prize most, all that takes deepest root in our souls, all that we would wish to see prevail in the universe has come to us from Jesus Christ. Here at the Table, as nowhere else, we know that our lives are redeemed from drudgery and made beautiful and strong by the sufferings of Christ.—as the pearl is made by suffering, the attar of roses by a million crushed petals, and the fragrance in the house by the broken alabaster box.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Titus 2:11-14.*

OUR Father, we thank Thee that the power of the old life has been broken and that we have been set free by the precious blood of Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Our slavery to the old life held us down and made us unhappy in the feeling that we could not be what we longed to become. We could not rise but now we are free, now we are the sons of God and our souls thank Thee for this wonderful exaltation by the sufferings of Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Heb. 10:19-25.*

WE thank Thee, our Father, that Thou hast redeemed our lives from waste and uselessness and our souls from destruction, and given us a place of joy and service in Thy kingdom. Hold us by the hand that we fall not away. Keep our hearts true to Thee and to one another and let us ever walk humbly and faithfully in the world knowing that Thy Son died that we might live. We pray for his name's sake. Amen.

XXII. The Lilies of Arimathea

CHRIST in His heavenly garden walks all
day,
And calls to souls upon the world's high-
way;
Wearied with trifles, maim'd and sick with
sin,
Christ by the gate stands, and invites them
in.

“How long, unwise, will ye pursue your
woe?

Here from the throne sweet waters ever go:
Here the white lilies shine like stars above:
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

“ ’Tis not from earthly paths I bid you
flee,

But lighter in My ways your feet will be:
’Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth.

“Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray:
Turn your steps hither: am not I the Way?
The sun is falling fast; the night is nigh:
Why will ye wander? Wherefore will ye
die?”

—*F. T. Palgrave.*

The Text

AND after these things Joseph of Arimathea, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, asked of Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took away his body. And there came also Nicodemus, he who at the first came to him by night, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pounds. So they took the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloth with the spices, as the custom of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new tomb wherein was never man yet laid. There then because of the Jews' preparation (for the tomb was nigh at hand) they laid Jesus.—*John 19:38-42.*

The Meditation

JOSEPH of Arimathea has always seemed one of the most touching characters of the New Testament. His honor to the body of the Master was beautiful and magnificent—the gift of the new, clean, rock-hewn tomb, the choice place in the garden, the hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes, the fresh white linen—but such a confession of discipleship could not comfort the Master or help in his struggle with the powers of

darkness. To be sure it was something—even the most delayed good is to be welcomed. It helps to make the world better, but not nearly so much as if done promptly. The tribute of Joseph of Arimathea was appreciated by the disciples and the fine sentiment is written in the gospel story to be read to the end of time, but we never hear of Joseph again. He loved, but fear made him hide his love. He must have suffered, he must have felt the humiliation that his courage was not equal to the hour. The lilies of Arimathea came too late and one who might have held honorable place among the most illustrious names fades out of history, regretted indeed, but leaving no afterglow to inspire others to make the most of life. Those who sit at the Lord's Table week by week not only get the peace and strength of the holy place and the hallowed hour, but they show forth the Lord's death to signal their fellow men in the way of life.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Mark 14:3-9.*

OUR Father, we thank Thee that we have the privilege of confessing our Master by partaking of this loaf. We would let all the world know how our hearts are given to him, how we consecrate all that we have, all that we are to his service. Help us, Father, to show our love for Christ even when others forget him, and to keep his fires burning in the earth when others go out. We ask for his name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 19:23-27.*

OUR Father who art in Heaven, help us to be of that number who are not afraid to stand close to the cross when it is dangerous to do so, nor ashamed to stand there when the customs and habits of our society would make it unpopular. May our love for Christ be great, and glad, and unafraid even in the presence of a threatening, a careless and dividing world. We rejoice that we may partake of this cup, to keep alive the memory that is redeeming the world, to show our love for the Master and to pledge our lives to him. Help us, our Father, to eat and drink in spirit and in truth. Through Jesus our Lord. Amen.

XXIII. The Easter Communion

THE grave itself a garden is,
Where loveliest flow'rs abound;
Since Christ, our never fading life,
Sprang from that holy ground.

O give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

Baptized into thy death we died,
And buried were with thee,
That we might live with thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

Lord, thro' the grave and gate of death,
May we, with thee, arise
To an eternal Easter day
Of glory in the skies.

—*Christopher Wordsworth.*

The Text

WE behold him who hath been made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor, that by the grace of God he should taste of death for every man. For it became him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons into glory, to make the author of their salvation perfect through sufferings.—Hebrews 2:9, 10.

The Meditation

HERE at the Table we look upward as well as backward. We are thinking of the Living Christ. The scenes of Calvary usually touch us to tenderness and tears but today the glory of the risen Christ lifts us into joy unspeakable. By this Table not all our thoughts can be sorrowful; the terrible gloom and fierce agony of His passion are gone. The days of the Son of Man have come full upon us never to be taken away. The garden of Arimathea has displaced the Garden of Gethsemane. The throne of life stands radiant above Joseph's new tomb. The tomb is empty. He is not

there. He is risen. We will always remember the three hours of darkness that fell immense about the cross but today we are thinking how the Easter light dawned upon the world, to shine undimmed forever with its message of life. Jesus our Lord tasted of the bitterness of death for every man that he might give of the sweetness of life to all. And now, seated beside the Lord's Table amidst lilies and music, we are rejoicing that he is alive to live forevermore, and we know that because he lives we shall live also.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Romans 14:7-9.*

O GOD, our Eternal Loving Father, enable us to eat of this loaf today, discerning the Lord's body broken for us; help us to know that he was raised from the dead and ever liveth to make intercession for us; help us to repent of our sins and to rise into the joy and blessedness of communion with our Living Lord. We thank Thee, our Father, that he died to redeem us from our wrong ways and that he lives to save us from the power of the world. As we eat the loaf today help us always to live in the life he gives. We ask for his name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Rev. 1:17-19.*

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his great mercy begot us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. We thank Thee, our God, for this cup which calls us to meditate upon his sufferings, his resurrection and his deathless life in the heavens. We thank Thee that Thy Son who died to bring us to Thee lives to keep us in Thy love forevermore. We confess our sins, we turn away from them, we refuse the joys of the world, we drink of Thy cup of salvation, our Blessed Father, in the name of Jesus our Lord. Amen.

XXIV. Fear Turned into Gladness

JESUS, the calm that fills my breast
No other heart than Thine can give;
This peace unstirred, this joy of rest,
None but Thy loved ones can receive.

My weary soul has found a charm
That turns to blessedness my woe;
Within the shelter of Thine arm
I rest secure from storm and foe.

In desert waste I feel no dread,
Fearless I walk the trackless sea;
I care not where my way is led,
Since all my life is life with Thee.

O Christ, through changeful years my Guide,
My Comforter in sorrow's night,
My Friend, when friendless, still abide,
My Lord, my Counselor, my Light

My time, my powers, I give to Thee;
My inmost soul 'tis Thine to move;
I wait for Thy eternity,
I wait in peace, in praise, in love.

—*Frank Mason North.*

The Text

WHEN therefore it was evening on that day, the first day of the week, and when the doors were shut where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when he had said this, he showed unto them his hands and his side. The disciples therefore were glad, when they saw the Lord.—John 20:19, 20.

The Meditation

THE presence of Jesus Christ turns fear into joy and invests those who experience it with power over other lives. This is the comforting teaching of the appearance of Jesus in the midst of the trembling disciples in that upper room long ago and far away. They had seen enough, passed through enough, felt enough to make them fear the Jews. But the news that he was alive, after his crucifixion and burial, had called them together again—yet they were still uncertain. Now as they are assembled he unveils himself in their midst. It proved the truth of his wonderful word spoken somewhere in the mountain before his cruci-

fixion, that where his disciples were gathered together in his name, there he would be in the midst. It proved to them also that he would never forget them, nor leave them without his presence. And they knew then that nothing could prevent his presence with them,—not barred doors, nor menacing multitudes, nor angry mobs. He can come to his people in the 'sick room, or in prison, or in the hour of the lonely trip down the valley of death. They saw his hands and his feet with the red marks of the wounds, and knew that his heart was still the same. No wonder the black, frowning cloud of fear was driven away and the lights of eternal joy played upon their hearts like summer morning over a landscape. The communion service assures us of the presence of our Lord. It turns fear and sorrow into joy and singing. It gives heart for whatever experiences life may hold for us within a veiled future.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Matthew 28:20*

OUR Blessed Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the presence of Jesus Christ our Lord in this communion hour. It assures our hearts and gives us a great calm when the storms of life are raging. We will

not fear what man can do unto us. We have the perfect peace of confidence when He is near us. We thank Thee that he always reassures us and is always saying "Peace be unto Thee." As we partake of this loaf, our Father, may we taste again the great, sweet, satisfying calm of forgiven sins. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Acts 7:54-60*

OUR Father, who art in Heaven, we thank Thee for the common tasks, for the common fears and needs that draw us together in the great hours of life; and above all, our Father, we thank Thee for our common living Lord and Savior. We thank Thee for his presence here at the Table and for the privilege of partaking of the cup which assures us that he is ever with us, and that we are accepted in the beloved. Answer the aspirations and dreams of our hearts today, by the supreme satisfaction of granting a fresh experience of Thine own self and of Jesus Christ who died on the cross to save us from our sins. We ask for his name's sake. Amen.

XXV. Self-Examination

GRANT me a vision, Lord, of the cross,
To see my Savior dying for me;
May His divine love burn out my dross
And make my heart a temple for Thee.

Show me afresh Thy love for the lost,
Give me Thy grace for the toils of the
day,
Gird me with strength when shaken and
tossed,
Keep Thou my feet in the straight, nar-
row way.

Lead by Thy hand, in sorrow or joy,
Onward and upward to heaven above,
There with the blest, with no sin to annoy,
Give me a mansion prepared by Thy love.

There shall I know the dear Lamb that was
slain,
Serve Him for aye, in that blessed place:
Singing Thy praises on heaven's bright
plain,
I'll see Thee, Father, face to face.

—*Thomas Clemmitt, Jr.*

The Text

AND when it was evening he cometh with the twelve. And as they sat and were eating, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, One of you shall betray me, even he that eateth with me. They began to be sorrowful, and to say unto him one by one, Is it I?—Mark 14:47-19.

Wherefore whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord in an unworthy manner, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread, and drink of the cup.—1 Cor. 11:27, 28.

The Meditation

WHEN one comes to the Table he must be true. The love that looks down will have nothing less, and will demand nothing more. The love that looks up can offer nothing more and will passionately desire to offer nothing less. Searchings of the heart may be painful but they will always be necessary, even if we are close enough to lean on the Master's bosom. The possibility of disloyalty to the Master overwhelmed the apostles with sorrow but they

were brave enough to have him test their souls. This moral courage fortified them against the perfidy they abhorred. At the Lord's Table we see the beauty of Christ and the needs of ourselves. We set our wills against our faults and thus begin their destruction. It is not demanded that we be perfect when we sit at the Table. It is only required that we be sincere and that we love. We examine ourselves to see whether we be in the faith, in the love, in the hope and if we find a dark spot we take up warfare against it and call on Christ to wipe it out. And through the noise of the conflict going on in our hearts we can hear him saying: "Go in peace and sin no more." And his love will burn out our dross.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Revelation 22:14.*

OUR Loving God, and Great Redeemer, help us to come to this holy Table with clean hands and pure hearts, discerning in this loaf of which we are about to partake, the body of our Lord. Enable us to come with contrition for our sins, humility for our imperfections and unworthiness, resolutions for better, truer lives, love for one another and worship, loyalty and adoration

for Thee and for Jesus Christ whose body was wounded for our transgressions, yea, broken for our sins. In his name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Rev. 3:20.*

O PATIENT and Forgiving God and Father, we thank Thee that Thy Son Jesus Christ has not cast us off on account of our sins, nor veiled his face from us because of our transgressions, but that despite our imperfections we may find a place at Thy Table. Our souls thirst for the strength and purity, the love and sacrifice, that give us the cup. And now Father, as we partake of it our hearts are lifted in gratitude to Thee and to the Great and Loving Christ who died on the cross that we might live in Thy House of many mansions. Accept our thanks, Father, in Jesus' name. Amen.

XXVI. Christ at the Table

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine!

—*S. Stennett.*

The Text

THE cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ? seeing that we, who are many are one bread, one body; for we all partake of the one bread.—1 Cor. 10:16, 17.

Wherefore whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord in an unworthy manner, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread, and drink of the cup.—1 Cor. 11:27-29.

The Meditation

AT the Table the heart of every disciple must say:

Here O my Lord, I see thee face to face.

That is what the happy world-loving Greek forgot. He degraded the Supper into a mere feast and so stripped it of everything spiritual. Thus he poisoned for himself one of the sweetest springs of redemption. An artist painted a picture of the Lord's Supper. Into it, he put his best powers. In the foreground with all the

witchery of his genius he painted some beautiful cups. When the picture was exhibited his friends exclaimed: "Oh, what beautiful cups." The artist then knew his picture was a failure for he wanted Christ alone to be admired. He had the devotion and the heroism to blot out the cups in order that Christ might stand forth unrivalled on his canvas. At the Table, in fact in every work of the Christian's life, Christ must be all and in all. At the first communion it was so. Jesus Christ was the center and the radiance of it. All eyes turned to him, all hearts rested upon him. So must it be today. He is at the table though not seen and our hearts burn within us as by faith and the inner vision-seeing power of the soul we look upon him. It is that which makes the Supper divine and participation in it heavenly.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Romans 14:8, 9.*

BLESSED and Righteous Heavenly Father, forbid that the world should blur our vision of the loving Christ on the cross, whose body was broken for us. Deliver us from the subtle self-will that would make us seek our own way and not Thy will in partaking of this loaf. May no earthly attraction wean our hearts from the Lord who

died for us. And may no irreverence keep us from deep and passionate thanksgiving. We would see Jesus, our Father, in this communion moment that our souls may be cleansed and our hearts satisfied with the bread of heaven. For we ask in his name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 John 1:7.*

HOW much we need Thy cleansing, Thou alone our Father, knowest. We have not loved Thee as we ought, we have not walked in Thy light as we ought. Forgive us again, our Father, and bear with our weaknesses. Make us great by Thy gentleness. We thank Thee for this cup by which we enter into the new and eternal covenant with Thee and with Jesus Christ. Make us spiritually minded that we may get all the deep, sweet blessings of this cup as we partake of it in memory of our Master. Through the name of our Holy Lord Jesus Christ we ask. Amen.

XXVII. Brotherhood, an Obligation of the Supper

O BLESSED Son of God,
In love and faith we plead,
That Thou wouldst bind our minds and
 hearts
In Brotherhood of need.

Our Elder Brother Thou,
Whose heritage we share,
Our kindred lives we offer Thee,
In Brotherhood of prayer.

Thou didst the will of Him
Who sent Thee from above;
Thou sendest us, as He sent Thee,
In Brotherhood of love.

To serve Thy kingdom, Lord,
To quiet sin's turmoil,
Do Thou ordain and consecrate
Our Brotherhood of toil.

Thou Man of Galilee,
O wilt Thou live again!
Abide within, control, inspire
Our Brotherhood of men.

—H. L. Craik.

The Text

A *NEW* commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.—John 13:33-35.

The Meditation

THESE words are to be regarded as the flower and fruit of the Lord's Supper. They were spoken by our Lord himself, beside the Table in the Upper Room. This shows that the red rose at the heart of the heavenly feast is love. It is the love that looks up to Christ and the love that looks out to my brother. Without this outward symbol there would have been no bond holding Christ's followers together and they would have been scattered.

The Lord's Supper is the sign of brotherly love. It is not to test whether I love my brother, it is to give me a chance to say that I do. Those who partake of the Supper are not allowed to criticise one another unkindly; but they are commanded to love one another. Beside the Table, Christ's followers sit together in heavenly places in

Christ Jesus. The meeting place becomes the house of God and the communion the feast at the weekly assembly of those who have associated themselves together in Jesus Christ for the service of all their brothers and sisters who need them.

No one is able to measure the social value of this experience. If I eat with my brother can I ever overreach him in business, hurt him by careless word or humiliate him by bad treatment or leave him desolate by neglect when he is sick, or in want, or is lonely? In this way my discipleship is proved and not merely by believing precepts or giving mental assent to propositions. Thus also the Lord's Supper is a weekly experience which sends out streams of kindness and help into a cold and needy world.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 15:8-13.*

O GOD, our Father in heaven, we thank Thee for the privilege of partaking of this loaf. We enter into this blessed communion because we love Thee and because our lives are thus openly counted for Jesus Christ. We repent of our sins and would turn wholeheartedly to Jesus Christ who gave us this emblem of his broken body. Help us to love Thee and to love our brothers and so to build the kingdom of love of which our Lord and Savior is king. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Luke 24:36-43.*

OUR Father, we thank Thee for this cup, a simple memorial of a sublime deed of self-sacrifice, a cup of blessed and precious memories, of refreshing and awakening inspirations and the pledge of an everlasting love that satisfies us and girds us for our tasks. We thank Thee that though we are not worthy even to touch it, yet Thy love hath cleansed us and given us a place at Thy Table. Oh, what memories radiate from this cup and this hour. Far away and long ago were Gethsemane, the Upper Room, the mystic cross, the empty tomb, the meeting in the mountains of Galilee—but today, dear Lord, we have our own experiences with Thee. O Master, here again meet Thy disciples and show them Thy hands and Thy feet. Amen.

XXVIII. The Transforming Vision

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art!

—Ray Palmer.

The Text

WHEN therefore he was gone out, Jesus saith, Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him; and God shall glorify him in himself, and straightway shall he glorify him.—John 13:31, 32.

Now the Lord is the Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. But we all, with unveiled face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit.—2 Cor. 3:17, 18.

The Meditation

ONE of the master passions of the Christian's heart is to see Jesus face to face. The older, mystical theologians were accustomed to call this the beatific vision. Every one of us feels in the depths of his soul that to behold Christ face to face would be to see the supreme beauty of the universe unveiled.

This we may not do yet. Now we see as in a mirror darkly but there is coming an experience in the soul's eternal history when we shall see face to face. But even now

we see Christ reflected in all his words and works and especially in his sufferings and death. And "his beauty though bleeding and circled with thorns" transfigures all who behold it even though thus dimly. As the rising sun drives all darkness from the dewdrop and transfigures it until it sparkles and glows with its own, pure mystic light, so the vision of the Master will burn away every impure thing and the disciple will shine in the glory of the Master. So it cleansed the apostles of worldly ambition in the Upper Room.

At the Table the Lord is present and meditation upon him will make us like him even while we are in this world. To love Christ is to be transfigured. It is the alchemy of the Eternal Atonement. Even so, Lord Jesus, flood my heart and light my face with Thy glory as I sit at Thy Table, in Thy House, on Thy Day, with Thy people.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read 1 John 3:1-3.*

LOVING Father, we would see Jesus, Thy Son, who was crucified that we might be saved from sin, sorrow and weakness. Win our minds completely from the world that they may be perfectly fixed on the Master. Establish upon us the beauty of

holiness and awaken in our hearts the heavenly delights of satisfied love. We thank Thee, our Father, that we may thus have the sacrament of the loaf, which we would eat that we may be saved and be like Christ. We pray in His name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Rev. 22:3, 4.*

WE drink of the cup, our Father in Heaven, because we would have close, undisturbed communion with Thee and with Thy Son Jesus Christ, who poured forth his blood to save a thoughtless, sinning, wandering, sorrowing world. We thank Thee that the footsteps of the Good Shepherd all marked by blood drops have lured us to Thee. And now today may the blood of Thy Son Jesus Christ cleanse us from all sin and beautify our souls with his divine transfiguration. Out of our deep need we ask for his name's sake. Amen.

XXIX. The Proof of Love

INSCRIBED upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is love:
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm to fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And floods the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

—*Thomas Kelly.*

The Text

I WILL no more speak much with you. for the prince of the world cometh: and he hath nothing in me; but that the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.—John 14: 30-31.

The Meditation

IF the 14th chapter of John is the "Table Talk" of our Master, his deep thoughts spoken in beautiful tender words at the First Supper, as we believe—then these words reveal that this Great Ordinance of Love inspires courage of the highest kind. Courage is to have heart for the tasks of life. Ahead of the Master at the moment of this incident loomed Gethsemane, the trial before Annas and Caiaphas, the judgment hall of Pilate, the flippant court of Herod, the Cross and the Grave. But these as mere physical tortures meant little to Him. The mystery of the hurt, power and sting of sin that had ruined humanity with which the refined, pure, lily-like soul of the sensitive Savior must deal, flung its darkness and pall over him and he must go forth to grapple with its night. What inspiration

was equal to it, what force could give the strength to cope with it? Nothing but the love of God. This, the communion service impresses. When one is in the experience of the love of God nothing of spiritual service, kindness, or the battle with sin is too hard for him. The love of God was the dynamic of Jesus as it must be ours. My heart always learns more and deeper love at the Table and in that still, divine place I get my courage to face all the issues of life.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Mark 10:32-34.*

OUR Master and Savior, we thank Thee for Thy love and for Thy life. We thank Thee for Thy sufferings and death, symbolized to us in this broken loaf. How rich and wonderful the treasures of heaven, how past all power of human estimate the price by which we were bought! Make us deeply, gladly conscious of Thy love; master our hearts by it, O Father, and then shall we neither be afraid nor sad when the mighty Call of the Cross comes to us. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Rev. 5:1-5.*

OUR Gracious God, we pray Thee to look graciously upon us now as we drink of this cup. The sin which doth so easily beset us humiliates us—yea, our God, there are moments when it lures us to dark places and alarms us. Yet, Thou hast holden us up; Thy love has not let us go; it has given us songs in the night—songs of consolation and victory. We thank Thee that the book of our lives is in the keeping of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, whose blood cleanseth all its mystic pages from the scarlet blots of sin. We pray in His Name. Amen.

XXX. "Remembrance Day"

LIFE of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowering in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back.

Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

The Text

THIS do in remembrance of me.—Luke 22:19. This do, as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.—1 Cor. 11:25. Remember Jesus Christ, risen from the dead.—2 Tim. 2:8.

The Meditation

AN English poet thinks of the anniversary of signing the armistice that ended the World War as “Remembrance Day.” It is for gratitude, for inspiration, for love that we will not forget those who died to make life free and great for others. In a supreme way Jesus Christ did this for enemy and friend. Herein lies the wonder. His sacrifice is at the root of all the sacrifices made in this world for love’s sake.

The Table is intended to keep Christ in the heart of the disciples, and to keep his name at the heart of the Christian purpose. The wish to be remembered shows how deeply our Master entered into human life, how he loved the Church, how human-hearted he was. But his sufferings meant something deeper and higher than that. Calvary does not stand in its awful gran-

deur and sublime agony merely as a sentiment. It was to generate a power, to release tides, to send out streams of life that would save the world and keep it pure and happy. In the degree the Church "remembers Jesus Christ," it will be kept true and be made magnetic by beauty and spirituality. We will always go wrong when we take our eyes off Jesus. To forget him is to lose the one great inspiring example of life, to let go our chief strength, and to smother the fires of inspiration that keep up courage, enthusiasm and effort. By the Table our hearts yearn to do his will and always he pours new life into our souls. Vision and memory work wonders of beauty and miracles of peace in those who practice the Lord's Table.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Matthew 27:27-31.*

OUR Father, we remember Jesus Christ, thine only begotten son, our wonderful Savior and our great Friend, as we partake of this bread. We repent of our sins and would put them all far from us forever, seeing in the light of our Master's holiness how they degrade us, and knowing, by his crown of thorns and his rugged cross how

they hurt in the household of Thy blameless family. O God, we would give ourselves up wholly to the ways and works of Jesus and we pray that by the Loaf we may be strengthened to such a consecration. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Matthew 27:33-44.*

OUR Father in Heaven, forbid that we should live in ease when our Master suffered, that we should be selfish when he gave himself in death on the cross for the salvation of mankind. Forbid that we should drink the cup of worldly pleasure, when he for our sakes drank the vinegar and the gall in the dark night of his sufferings. We thank Thee, O Father, for this cup and as we partake of it make us true enough, and strong enough to enter into the fellowship of our Savior's sufferings to overcome the sin of the world. And help us, our Father, ever to keep the vision of our great suffering Christ before our hearts. We ask for his name's sake. Amen.

XXXI. Roominess of the Table

WE gather to the sacred board,
Perchance a scanty band;
But with us in sublime accord
What mighty armies stand! .

In creed and rite howe'er apart,
One Saviour still we own,
And pour the worship of the heart
Before our Father's throne.

A thousand spires o'er hill and vale
Point to the same blue heaven;
A thousand voices tell the tale
Of grace through Jesus given.

High choirs, in Europe's ancient fanes,
Praise Him for man who died;
And o'er our boundless Western plains
His name is glorified.

Around His tomb, on Salem's height,
Greek and Armenian bend;
And through all Lapland's months of
night
The peasants' hymns ascend.

Are we not brethren? Saviour dear!
Then may we walk in love,
Joint subjects of Thy kingdom here,
Joint heirs of bliss above!

—*Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch.*

The Text

WHEN even was come he was sitting at meat with his twelve disciples.—Mark 26:20.

The Meditation

WE often see pictures of this incident but do not stop to reflect upon its full meaning. That evening meal was transmuted into the Lord's Supper by the alchemy of the love shining from the sacrifice on the cross in prophetic approach.

We are impressed by the company, twelve persons sitting together in the warm, golden glow of friendship-love. They were all indeed different from each other. The light was bright, the shadows dark. Not one of them was perfect, none but the Master. John was high tempered to a dangerous degree, Simon was a zealot, James was an ecclesiastic, and all of them were weak. Judas betrayed him that night, Peter denied him and they all forsook him and fled at the scene of the Gethsemane tragedy. Yet frail and faulty as they were, there was room at the Table for them. There is still room at the Table for all who sincerely love the Master, to all who would forsake their

sins and follow him. Thither may come the sinful and those who have fallen away to find the old sweet sacrament of forgiveness; the broken-hearted, to find that Jesus can still comfort; the tempted to find that he is able to deliver; the confused to find that he is the way; the lonely to realize that he is still with the frail, wistful children of earth, who would give all the world for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still. Every son of earth who seeks the comfort of the love of God in Christ Jesus may find the way to the Lord's Table. It is wonderful that each one of us can say: "There is room at the Table for me."

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Rev. 22:14.*

O GOD, our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the blessed assurance that those who wash their robes into whiteness may have the right to come to the tree of life. Is not this bread a symbol of that heavenly fruit, our Father? We thank Thee for the privilege of partaking of this loaf. Help us to do so reverently, gladly, sincerely, discerning the Lord's body which was broken for sinful human beings. And help us, too, our Father, to abhor that which is

evil, to forsake our sins and to become meet for the high privilege of our Lord's Table. We ask for his name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Revelation 22:17.*

OUR Blessed Father, we come to this Table with contrite and grateful hearts.

If any one should find that he still loves sin, or that he is unable to turn away from it, grant him, Father, the power that will enable him to overcome. We thank Thee for Thy great love and for the limitless, cleansing grace of Jesus Christ. We would take of the water of life and we thank Thee that it flows so freely in this desert-like world. Father, we thank Thee for this cup. When we partake of it, it is not to celebrate our own righteousness; it is because we remember the blessed Lord Jesus who died for our sins. In His name. Amen.

XXXII. Self-Excluded from the Table

I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened fount—
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well—
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, all to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven—
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

My life I bring to Thee;
I would not be my own:
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone—
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

—Miss F. R. Havergal.

The Text

YE cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of demons: ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord, and of the table of the demons.—1 Cor. 10:21.

When, therefore, ye assemble yourselves together, it is not possible to eat the Lord's Supper: for in your eating each one taketh before other his own supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken.—1 Cor. 11:20, 21.

The Meditation

THE idea, in these tremendous, almost disquieting verses is not that certain souls, willingly wedded to the darkest world, are excluded from The Table by law or by fiat. It is that even though such may sit at The Table it is impossible for them to partake of the Lord's Supper. The sun cannot grow a flower from a stone and the bread and cup cannot be a communion with Christ to an unregenerate, unloving and unlovely heart.

1. The Lord's Supper is impossible to those who try to be pagans and Christians at the same time. Christ must have no rival in the heart; there must be no equals,

no others; he must be all, if the experience of the communion is to be at all.

2. The Lord's Supper is impossible to the sectarian spirit for sectarianism is not the spirit of love (1 Cor. 11:18-20). Only those who love Christ, and God, and the brethren can find him in the Supper.

3. The Lord's Supper is impossible to those who treat it as a mere social banquet. This led to the terrible abuses in the Corinthian Church. The Table is the Lord's Supper to those only to whom it is a great spiritual envisioning and experience of Jesus Christ who was crucified and buried but is alive again and to live forevermore.

It almost seems irreverent to the refined and spiritual mind today even to read that this ordinance, the pure lily of divine love, was ever clogged, stained, and misrepresented by the flesh and earthly grossness mentioned by Paul. It is a miracle of history that it has grown despite this heathen environment and stands, in the midst of life today, the symbol of all that is pure, beautiful, holy and heavenly. But it is thus Christ's love is conquering the darkest environment and casting a spiritual halo about the faces of those who sit at The Table, as light hovers about a flower.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Psalm 51:7-10.*

O FATHER in Heaven, help us to find Christ and to be endued with the strength and power he gives his disciples as we break and eat the loaf. We renounce the world, our Master, and we take up earnest battle against our sins. Bless us, Our Father, and let this place be holy, and this Table none other than the Lord's Table, to us who long to partake of things eternal and divine. In Jesus' name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Matthew 5:6-8.*

O GOD, our loving, righteous Father, deliver us entirely from the worldly spirit. Grant us, in this hallowed memory hour, to experience the presence of our Master, to know his love, to receive his forgiveness, to be cleansed from all earth stains, and to be renewed in the inner life by the power and influence of Thy Holy Spirit. We seek Christ's love in drinking this cup. Our hearts are lifted up in gratitude as we partake of it and remember that we have his exceeding great and precious promise that this shall be to his disciples a cup of blessing. Through the loaf and the cup we seek to find Christ himself. Father, grant us this unspeakable blessing. For his name's sake. Amen.

XXXIII. Partakers of Christ's Experiences

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and
strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

—*Washington Gladden.*

The Text

IT is enough for the disciple that he be as his teacher, and the servant as his lord.—*Matthew 10:25.*

Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church.—*Colossians 1:24.*

Insomuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, rejoice; that at the revelation of his glory also ye may rejoice with exceeding joy.—*1 Peter 4:13.*

The Meditation

IT is a mystical but a practical thought that the Church is Christ's body and that all those who live the sacrificial life, who bear the cross for Christ's sake, are continuing his sufferings for the salvation of the world. Every time we partake of the emblems at the Table we are setting forth the fact that we enter into Christ's experiences. Oh, what meaning and what glory this gives to pain and hurt! It takes away the idea that either in nature or in grace suffering is merely wanton, or accidental, or of caprice. Once the Bishop of London visited a young girl who had been

suffering intensely for many years. He said to her that such a long, weary trial must seem hard. "Yes," she said, "but isn't it grand that somehow we may enter into the sufferings of God for his world?" A profound thought. The communion teaches us that our hurt is somehow to help heal the world; that our bitterest suffering, borne with the passion and prayer to do the will of God, will help in the redemption of the world. Beautiful thought—that every drop of blood we shed for righteousness' sake will turn to a rose of comfort for ourselves and for others in this sinning and suffering world. Let me, O Christ, suffer with Thee to save the world.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Romans 8:16-18.*

OUR Father in Heaven, we thank Thee that week by week we are reminded of the meaning of the broken body of our Lord. Forbid that we should ever let this grow dim in our memory or in our gratitude. We thank Thee that we may partake of Christ's suffering; that in Thy wonderful mysterious ways all our hurts shall be turned into blessings; and that our pain shall after while break out into song. Teach us patience and joy in our patience: teach us faithfulness even through pain; teach us the perfect love by the manifestation of Thy love

at the Table. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 Peter 4:12-16.*

OUR Father, as we drink of this cup help us to be thankful for the sufferings of our Savior. We think of his blood in Gethsemane, we think of his wounded side, of his pierced hands and feet, of his bleeding brow and bleeding heart and we are touched to humility and tenderness, we are humbled into repentance for our sins and encouraged to make the great good confession again. Lord, our God, give us patience and power and may new life enter into our souls as we receive the cleansing and the strength of this beautiful love-gloried, blood-crimsoned sacrament. We ask for our Master's sake. Amen.

XXXIV. Suffering and Glory

O CHILD of lowly manger birth
On whose low cry the ages wait,
Lead us Thy way, and every day
Guide us to see what made Thee great.

O Jesus, youth of Nazareth,
Preparing for the bitter strife,
Wilt thou impart to every heart
Thy perfect purity of life?

O Christ whose words make dear the fields
And hillsides green of Galilee,
Grant us to find, with rev'rent mind,
The truth Thou saidst should make us free.

O suff'ring Lord on Calvary,
Whom love led on to mortal pain,
We know Thy cross is not a loss
If we Thy love shall truly gain.

O Master of abundant life
From natal morn to viet'ry's hour,
We look to Thee, heed Thou our plea,
Teach us to share Thy ageless power.

—*Ferdinand Q. Blanchard.*

The Text

AND he said unto them, *O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behooved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into his glory?—Luke 24:25.*

The Meditation

WHEN I sit at The Table and think of all the sufferings of the Master I am filled with amazement. Sometimes a heavy pall falls upon my heart that there should be such agony in the universe. It is the same universe in which I am to live forever and of its deepest mysteries are the broken heart and the crown of thorns. I am the more deeply affected when I recall that my Master was holy, harmless and separate from sinners. Even in my lower ranges of thinking, I seem to understand why a wrongdoer should feel the thorn—but when it comes to the innocent, the lovely, the good, the unselfish I am confronted with a mystery to which I have no key. But after all, that is not necessary if I can find an explanation and this my Master, who suffered beyond all others, gives me. His sufferings were the pathway

to glory. The trail he walked, with bleeding feet, led to the palace where his crown was ready. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," but the paths of vicarious suffering, generally borne by the good and true, lead to eternal glory. This satisfies the heart. I can bear to see my loved ones suffer, I can bear the cross and endure the shame since Christ's sufferings have revealed to me that they lead to glory. The prison opens into the palace.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Rev. 14:1-3.*

HEAVENLY FATHER, our hearts are humbled and made ashamed by our sins.

We are not worthy to sit at this heavenly Table. Yet, we come because we must remember Him whose body was broken for us, and we must show forth His glory by the confession of His Wonderful Name. Father, we thank Thee for Christ and His sufferings and His glory and today anew we pledge our lives to him and to Thee in the fire and purity and beauty of sacrificial love. For his name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Rev. 5:11-14.*

O GOD, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and our Father who art in Heaven, we would partake of this cup in deepest humility and gratitude. We are not worthy of the lowest place at the Table and yet Thou hast been so mindful of us that Thou didst send Thine only begotten Son into the world to suffer the indignity and shame of the judgment hall, of the thorn-crown and of the cross, to save us from sin and to bring us to glory. Receive our thanks, O God, and work out Thy will in us by Thine own way until we are made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

XXXV. The Troubled Heart at the Table

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,—
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

—Ray Palmer.

The Text

LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.—*John 14:1-4.*

The Meditation

AT the first communion Jesus Christ who was so soon to go back into "the Silent Land" saw the look of bewilderment, wonder, anxiety and sorrow upon the faces of his eleven apostles and spoke these words to them. Since that far away time they have been the comfort of perplexed hearts, the refuge of those storm-tossed and troubled and the light that the dying have carried, as they passed into the mystic shadows of the valley of silence. There is no hour that brings more comfort to the troubled heart than that which is spent beside the Lord's Table. There again we are reminded that there is One whose love will

not let us go, One who is mighty to save. It matters not what the trouble, real faith in God and in Christ will dissolve it. Life seems to be full of vexations but none of them are too hard for Jesus. Even if "death is overshadowing us and ours" the glimpse of the many mansions, through windows opened Godward, will take away its terrors. My soul, believe in God, in Christ and let not the gloom and din of the world in any wise dismay you.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read 2 Corinthians 1:3, 4.*

OUR Father, we thank Thee for the comfort of Jesus Christ. We know by his sufferings for us that he will go unto the uttermost to redeem us from our sorrows and sins. We thank Thee for the privilege of partaking of this loaf, which reminds us of his broken body, which is sweet and fresh with eternal life, which assures us that we have personal part in the saving grace of our ever blessed Master. O Christ, Thou art all we want and we shelter under Thee from the fierce storms of life. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 2 Corinthians 4:16-18.*

O GOD, our kind Father in Heaven, we thank Thee that Thou didst send Thy Son Jesus into this world to save us from our sins and to comfort us in all our distresses. Trusting in Him, rejoicing in Thy love, grateful to the depth of our hearts for even the lowest place at the Table of the Lord, we drink of this cup. Lord, help us to do so discerning the Lord's body and blood, tasting of Thy love and realizing that Thou art a very present help in time of trouble. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

XXXVI. The Heart Unafraid

WE bear the strain of earthly care,
But bear it not alone;
Beside us walks our brother Christ
And makes our task His own.

Through din of market, whirl of wheels,
And thrust of driving trade,
We follow where the Master leads,
Serene and unafraid.

The common hopes that make us men
Were His in Galilee;
The tasks He gives are those He gave
Beside the restless sea.

Our brotherhood still rests in Him,
The Brother of us all,
And o'er the centuries still we hear
The Master's winsome call.

—*Ozora S. Davis.*

The Text

PEACE I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful. Ye heard how I said to you, I go away, and I come unto you. If ye loved me, ye would have rejoiced, because I go unto the Father: for the Father is greater than I.—John 14:27, 28.

The Meditation

SOMETIMES there befalls the strongest hearts a horrible oppression as of being outmatched in the battle with the enemy. This sense of being left alone to grapple with world-old evils that have not only beaten down individuals, but overthrown nations often gives fear to the strongest.

Such must have been the experience of that rare spirit Charles Kingsley who, tortured with the deepening tragedy of his own people plunging further into degradation, wrote: "If I had not had the communion at church today to tell me that Jesus *does* reign, I should have blasphemed in my heart, I think, and said, 'The devil is king.' " Perhaps such a mood sat im-

mense upon Paul when, on that far-away night in Corinth, he felt himself alone fighting a world of dense pagan wickedness. Such was the feeling of the disciples the night Jesus was to go away. They would face the world now without the Master. No one would be at the helm. The universe would be without a leader or a Master.

To such a state of heart Jesus replies, "I come to you." He would still go on before them. The little body of believers would not be broken and drifting, like forsaken derelicts on the lonely sea. Time was not a maniac scattering dust. Jesus was with them. He presides over the destinies of the world every day.

This is the blessed assurance of the Lord's Table and it is why those who come to it regularly can meet life with the calm, brave, untroubled heart.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Mark 10:32-34.*

OUR Father who art in Heaven, we thank Thee for the privilege of partaking of this loaf, symbolic of the body of Christ which was offered on the cross because of the sins of the world. We thank Thee for the love and courage that carried him through this dark and bitter night of suffer-

ing. As we partake of this bread may we receive the spirit of our Master. Give us brave hearts, give us true hearts, that we may go through the dark and dangerous places of life and perform its hardest tasks without fear and without murmuring, even as Jesus passed through Gethsemane, the Judgment Hall, Calvary and the Grave with the sense of eternal victory deathless in his heart. We ask in his name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 14:29-31.*

OUR Father who art in Heaven, enable us to partake of this ordinance of the brave heart with the spirit and with the understanding. We thank Thee that we are reminded that Jesus was strong and true; and that He faced all the fears and enemies of the soul and overcame them. We thank Thee that he is with us day after day, as he said, and that when we sit at the Table with Him and with one another we have the faith which assures us we can overcome all enemies by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of His testimony. In His name. Amen.

XXXVII. The Magnetic Christ

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find! Ah, this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

—*Bernard of Clairvaux.*

The Text

WHEN we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.—Isaiah 53:2-4.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto myself. But this he said, signifying by what manner of death he should die.—John 12:32, 33.

The Meditation

THE uplifted suffering Christ draws the world to him. When one voluntarily suffers for another, it is touching proof of his love. The cross is the power of Christianity. Without it, Christ's religion would not have the charm even of heroism. It would be nothing but colorless, insipid moralism or cold mechanical precept. With it crusades spring up, millions are ready to lay down their lives for Christ and for one another, and a new spirit of the sacrifi-

cial enters into the human breast. Here is an explanation of the power of every man's sorrow. "The angel of pain" is an artist that works through the heart to pencil the beauty of the infinite affection upon the human face. Is any one beautiful or magnetic until he has suffered? Can the soul be seen except through tears? We did not understand the greatness of the common man until we saw him bleeding "over there" in No Man's Land. Children do not fully love their parents until they know how they have sacrificed for them. The Lord's Table is a prism through which all the glory of the divine nature shines radiant upon the uplifted face of the worshiper. It reminds us that Jesus suffered for our sins—he was wounded for our transgressions. He bears our griefs and carries our sorrows. The scar upon his brow, the red wounds in his side, his hands, his feet, are marks not only to lead us to him but to *draw* us to him. The suffering Christ is the beautiful Christ.

His beauty though bleeding
And circled with thorns
Is then most exceeding
For grief him adorns.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Isaiah 53:5, 6.*

DEAR Lord, forgive our blindness, that we did not see Christ until he was revealed by wounds that ran red and hurts that marred his body on the cross. Yet, O Lord, we do bless Thy name that our love was awakened when we beheld him circled with thorns and bleeding with a broken heart for our sakes. Kindle us into a great passion of consecration and sacrifice when we partake of this loaf. Put a new light and a new sweetness into our hearts, our Father; and a new song upon our lips, as we partake of this loaf, in His name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Isaiah 53:10, 11.*

O GOD, we bow in repentance beside this Table. We repent of our sins. We repent of our slowness to believe. We repent of our hardness of heart so that even justice and truth did not win us and that we refused Christ until we beheld him with wounds running crimson on the cross. Our Father, we thank Thee for this vision, the vision that shows us the wonders of Thy grace, the vision that reveals the beauty of the Lord our God. We thank Thee, Father, for our share of the grace and healing that flows from the cross, we thank Thee for our part in the wonderful new covenant that was sealed on Calvary, even as we have part in this cup. Forgive our sins, and make us to be like Christ. We ask for his name's sake. Amen.

XXXVIII. The Cultivation of the Heart Life

WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to Thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless One,
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

There behold His agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See His anguish, see His faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

—*J. R. Wreford, S. Longfellow, Charles Wesley.*

The Text

THERE was at the table reclining in Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.—John 13:23.

Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you: abide ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.—John 15:9, 10.

The Meditation

THESE Scriptures bring us very close to the center of the Lord's Supper. They cause us to think of calm, quiet, lovely faces from old pictures on the wall. The oftener the children look upon them the stronger the tie that binds them. They educate the heart and keep it true.

In the communion we practice the presence of the Master and the heart leaps up in flame. We doubt whether love could be kept alive in the church without the Lord's Supper. One of its greatest objects was to cultivate the heart life. We are likely to think of those who have much need, and those who hold great sorrow while we bow and mingle and look up in the still mystic

hour beside the Table. No one but the Father who sees all can tell what this means to the world, which needs heart-life more than anything else. We think little of each other or of the suffering world until the suffering love of Jesus wakens us. This is well told in a poem called "The Winning" by Percy Ripley:

Lord, if I could, I would not flee
This shadowed hour; it is with me
As all men sometime bear,
The sorrow that I share
Saves my divinity.

In happiness unearned did I
Once proudly walk; deaf to the cry
Of pain and sharp defeat
I strode along life's street
While suffering dragged by.

And these Thy humbler creatures, Lord,
I aided not; though pierced the sword
Of cruelty all day,
I went upon my way
With but an idle word.

*Love's easy yoke was offered me,
I heeded not, I would be free,
But wounded now, Love's wounds I see,
And follow through eternity.*

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Romans 12:10.*

O CHRIST, our Master, teach us to reflect deeply on Thy love and mercy as we eat of this loaf. Our hearts are too cold and too aloof from Thee and from a suffering world. O Master, kindle afresh all the lights of tender memories and of sacrificial resolutions as now in partaking of this loaf we remember how Thy body was broken for us. May we be willing to be broken for those for whom Thou didst die on the cross. Let us love our fellow men more and more truly. We thank Thee, O Master, for Thy wonderful love for us. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Romans 13:10.*

O UR Father, Eternal Father of our Spirits and of Jesus Christ, touch our souls with the fire and abandon of love as we partake of the cup. Prevent us from drinking at this divine banquet with cold, indifferent hearts. May we be able to bring all that we have, in consecration to Thee, who gave all that we might be saved. Create within us a new heart, true and rapturous over the things of eternity, tender and kind to those who are broken and hurt in the world. We thank Thee, dear Lord, for this quiet hour which satisfies us with thy love and glorifies us with the likeness of Jesus our Lord. Amen.

XXXIX. Experience Trans- figured

HOW sweet and silent is the place,
My God, alone with Thee,
Awaiting here Thy touch of grace,
Thy heavenly mystery!

So many ways Thou hast, dear Lord,
My longing heart to fill,—
Thy lovely world, Thy spoken word,
The doing Thy sweet will,

Giving Thy children living bread,
Leading Thy weak ones on,
The touch of dear hands on my head,
The thought of loved ones gone!

Lead me by many paths, dear Lord,
But always in Thy way,
And help me make my earth a heaven,
Each day Communion Day.

—*Alice Freeman Palmer.*

The Text

AND as they were eating, he took bread, and when he had blessed, he brake it, and gave to them, and said, Take ye: this is my body. And he took a cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave to them: and they all drank of it. And he said unto them, this is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many. Verily I say unto you, I shall no more drink of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God.—Mark 14:22-24.

The Meditation

TRANSFORMATION, transfiguration—these are the wonderful experiences at the Lord's Table. Common bread becomes the symbol of Christ's body and the fruit of the vine is the ruddy glow of his blood. A common ritual celebration starts a new era in the heart history of mankind.

There is the transfiguration of a friendship and of a place. The guest room of that Jewish home becomes the sacred Upper Room which is none other than the gate of heaven. A home became truly a cathedral, for the Christian hearts of all ages count that upper room their mystical meeting place.

The company of the disciples was trans-

figured. The hour was holy, the light too searching, the friendships too sublime for the traitor soul to endure and he fled into the night and made the place and the company free from blemish of evil intent or the unbrotherliness of a betrayer.

The souls of the disciples were transfigured. They came in with ambition and anger but these dark stains were washed from their souls and they were lifted from contention and strife into worship and song.

The heart of the Master was transfigured. It had been cast down with sorrow and the gloom of the hour but the departure of Judas was like the passing of the night. The sun arose and he rejoiced in the full glory of friendship-love.

The hour shifted the center of gravity and transfigured the faith of the world. The passover dissolved into the Lord's Supper and the era of symbol gave way to the age of reality. A new faith and a new hour in the history of humanity dawned there in the Upper Room in Jerusalem.

Such miracles of transformation and transfiguration does one hour at the Lord's Table work out for the sincere heart even today. The commonest place is made the house of God by it, for Jesus is with his people when they assemble. Trouble is made the ripening touch of the eternal education. The heart sings the New Song of Moses and the Lamb every Lord's Day by the Lord's Table.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Mark 14:12-21.*

O MASTER, who didst transfigure that plain upper room into the very gate of heaven by the radiancy of love; who didst cleanse the hearts of the disciples from envy, jealousy and ambition, by Thine own wonderful kindness and humility, do Thou change us by Thy miraculous grace until we shall be like Thee. We thank Thee for the love and truth and beauty and power of the gospel which play upon our hearts by meditation upon the cross. Help us to experience the transfiguration that comes of a great gratitude this very hour as we eat of The Loaf in his memory. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Mark 14:23-26.*

O GOD, we thank Thee for renewal and transfiguration by the power of the crucified Christ. As we drink this cup may we have full forgiveness of our sins and partake of his very life that the beautiful and divine things of the Kingdom may be seen in our characters, may be felt in our touch, may be manifest in our works. May the glow of the Cross be upon all our experiences and the joy of the Cross be in our hearts. Help us to be like Christ, true, pure, lovely and ready to bleed for others. We ask in his name. Amen.

XL. The Vision of Life

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me,
He surely shall fulfil.

Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

—*Charles Wesley.*

The Text

I WILL not leave you desolate: I come unto you. Yet a little while and the world beholdeth me no more; but ye behold me: because I live, ye shall live also.
—John 14:18, 19.

The Meditation

WE weaken the power of the Lord's Supper over our hearts by making it simply a memorial and not a divine sign or expression of the Living Presence to-day. When we only look back and think of the suffering Christ we are likely to have a religion of tenderness and reflection which becomes enshrined in a dead creed. When we look forward only we are apt to be carried away by unreflecting crusade. We must certainly look back and remember Jesus and have tender and pitying hearts; but likewise we must look forward and upward and have the active aggressive life. It is in this way that the Lord's Supper contributes such steadiness and power to life. Through the gloom of life we are able to see the radiant Savior. The world loses its vision of him but he says to His disciples at the table: "The world beholdeth

me no more; but ye behold me." Christ cannot be hidden even by passing within the veil.

When I partake of these emblems I am looking through the open window of life upon the resplendent glory of my living, loving, redeeming Lord. When I see him, risen and triumphant over death, hell, and the grave I know there is life forevermore. "Life is ever Lord of Death, and Love can never lose his own." I feel the fresh, sweet urge of life rising up in me as a foretaste of that life which shall never cease to be as his words fall in divine music upon my heart through the repeated ritual of that night long ago: "Because I live, ye shall live also." The Lord's Supper is not only the forget-me-not of the Christian religion: it is the prophetic immortal that blooms ever fresh and fragrant even in the valley of death.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Rev. 1:17, 18.*

O LIVING and loving God, our hearts are lifted in joyful gratitude as we remember that the suffering Master has become the reigning Lord and that Jesus who was dead is alive again and to live forevermore. We thank Thee that love is

stronger than death, and that the grave cannot imprison our souls. Help us as we eat of this loaf to remember that Jesus is alive and that he ever liveth to make intercession for us. And Father grant us power over temptation and sin by these exceeding great and wonderful visions, that we may be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Mark 16:9-16.*

OUR Father, may no glooming unbelief or carking care vex our hearts as the moth doth fret the garment, but may we have the full joy and power of an unclouded faith as we sit together at the Lord's Table. We thank Thee for this cup, ever pure, refreshing and life-giving; ever having the power to reassure us about the love of Christ and to educate our hearts to love our fellow men and to love Thee supremely. As Jesus died for us, help us to live and, if need be, to die for one another. We would, our Father, live by the example and words of Jesus. Help us to discern His body and blood, the gift of the Eternal Atonement in the Loaf and in the Cup. We ask in our Savior's name. Amen.

XLI. The Love That Thinketh No Evil

MOST gracious Saviour! 'twas not Thine
To spurn the erring from Thy sight;
Nor did Thy smile of love divine
Turn from the penitent its light.

Shall we who own the Christian name,
A brother's fault too sternly view,
Or think Thy holy name can blame
The tear to human frailty due?

May we, while human guilt awakes
Upon our cheek the generous glow,
Spare the offender's heart that breaks
Beneath its load of shame and woe.

Conscious of frailty, may we yield
Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear;
And strive the penitent to shield
From further sin or dark despair.

And when our own offenses weigh
Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
May we remember Thou didst say,
"In peace depart, but sin no more."

—*S. G. Bulfinch.*

The Text

BUT let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread, and drink of the cup.—1 Cor. 11:28.

The Meditation

IT is a common practice to try to look curiously and censoriously into the hearts of others. One will say of another: "He is not fit to sit at the Lord's Table." But that is a judgment for God alone. We cannot see into the far, surprising depth of a brother's heart. But if such were possible we would have neither the right nor the power to measure his spiritual merit.

The Lord's Supper forbids such presumption. There all unkind thought must be put away. Suspicions must die. Each one must eat and drink for himself either to life or to death. That is one of the deepest mysteries and highest wonders in the experience of the soul's banqueting hour.

Each heart has its own transactions with the Master and the Father. Our Savior said to his disciples at the well: "I have meat to eat that you know not." It is even so with the disciple at the Table. How futile then to aim to force my brother to the same vision and

experience I have. Perhaps his soul is hungry in a deeper degree than mine. He will have more rapture than I. His vision will be brighter, he will be better able to trace the rainbow through the rain because he looks up from deeper depth and his tears fall faster and more bitterly.

Here at the Table my heart must especially practice the charity that is patient and kind, that is far above envy and jealousy, that always thinks the best and believes the best about a brother or sister. Nothing else is fitting when the children of God sit together at the Lord's Table.

. Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Matthew 7:1-5.*

O FATHER in Heaven, incline our hearts fully and gladly to the teachings of Thy Son, our Savior. Keep us from harsh, unkind judgments at the Table or in the stress and temptations of life. Teach us, Father, by the thorn-crown and the cross to believe well of our brothers and sisters, to bless and curse not, to exalt and cast not down. Enable us so to eat of the loaf which reminds us that Christ died to save us from our sins, that we may make this hallowed hour a heavenly banquet. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 Cor. 13:4-7.*

DEAR God and Father of mankind, grant us, as we partake of this cup, sincerity and humbleness of heart. And grant us also, to have faith in Thee and in Jesus Christ, and to believe with all our hearts in our brothers and sisters. We thank Thee for part in this weekly family reunion. Bless us Lord, forgive our sins and bring us fully into the covenant of the eternal atonement. We pray through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

XLII. To Whom Jesus Reveals Himself

WE would see Jesus; for the shadows
lengthen

Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
strengthen,

For the last weariness, the final strife.

We would see Jesus, the great rock founda-
tion

Whereon our feet were set by sovereign
grace:

Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced
to see;

The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to
Thee.

We would see Jesus: this is all we're need-
ing;

Strength, joy, and willingness come with
the sight;

We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal
night.

—*Anna B. Warner.*

The Text

*I*N that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him. Judas (not Iscariot) saith unto him, Lord, what is come to pass that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?—John 14:20-23.

The Meditation

WAS it Pascal who uttered the arresting and instructive spiritual paradox: “Human things to be loved must be known, but divine things to be known must be loved”? This is the heart of our Master’s great utterance beside the Table at the First Communion. “He who loves me will be loved of my Father and I will love him and clearly reveal myself to him.” (Weymouth’s N. T.)

Love is the supreme insight. It is the true theologian. By it alone can we understand God and Christ. We find Jesus by the heart, rather than by the head. “The world through its wisdom knew not God.” But, “blessed are the pure in heart for

they shall see God.' 'The moment we love, heaven is opened to us. The little child thinks father and mother more beautiful than any others in the world because he loves his parents. Love does not create values, it sees them.

Christ and the Father choose to show themselves to those who love. Where love is, God is. Where God is, Christ is. This self-revelation of the Divine is the reward of hearts that seek him.

It has been said that love is blind, but love is the most open-eyed quality in the universe. When we love we know Christ. The Lord's Supper is the love ordinance. It was appointed to make the Master real to the human heart in all ages, conditions and countries. This ritual observance will, along with preaching, prayer and work enable us to realize the word of the great English Christian poet:

"Closer is he than breathing, nearer than hands and feet."

Let me, my Father, cultivate love for Thee and for Christ. It is the pathway from Thy heart to mine. When I love I see Thee, brighter than an angel, standing in the sun. My doubts pass away, like clouds upon the golden sky of a perfect morning.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 20:19-23.*

O LORD, our Lord, our hearts see Thee infinitely beautiful and compassionate, infinitely strong and wise, with bleeding brow and wounded side. O Christ, wonderful Savior, we are here in memory of Thy work, and walk, and words on earth; we are here in experience of Thy living presence in the world and in heaven.

Our Father, we thank Thee for this loaf, which makes us think of Jesus and his suffering, which makes us abhor our sins and draw closer to him, which reveals him in his deathless glory as our eternal Friend and Savior. Accept our thanks, O Father, in Jesus' precious name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 20:24-29.*

O GOD, our loving Father, we thank Thee that we are permitted to drink of this cup and thus be made sure of the presence of our Living Lord who was crucified and of Thy loving kindness, which never faileth. Blot out our transgressions and remember them against us no more forever. As we partake of the cup, emblem of Christ's blood poured out for us, we would be made clear-eyed for the beatific vision vouchsafed to us, the vision of a thorn-torn brow which shall transform our poor human clay into the unspeakable glory and beauty of eternity. We ask for His name's sake. Amen.

XLIII. Why the Good Suffer

AS oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet!

Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, and pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear,—
The recollection will remain,

More deeply did He suffer here!
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,—
So did he, in the desert way,

Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The Tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so He has been.

My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy!

—James Edmeston.

The Text

SO when Pilate saw that he prevailed nothing, but rather that a tumult was arising, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man; see ye to it. And all the people answered and said, His blood be on us, and on our children. Then released he unto them Barabbas; but Jesus he scourged and delivered to be crucified.—Matthew 27:24-26.

The Meditation

THE heart asks no question with more pain than why the good must suffer at the hands of the wicked, who seem to prosper instead of being punished. The Lord's Supper helps us to answer. The sufferings of the Master taught the world how to endure such experiences and how to transmute them into vicarious and redemptive power. Only suffering love is able to cure the sins of the world. Those who suffer for righteousness' sake will one day be revealed in their true light and their names will be held in loving remembrance because they have done right when it cost their blood to do so.

Never a sigh of passion or of pity,

Never a wail for weakness or for wrong,
Has not its archive in the angels' city,
Finds not its echo in the endless song.

* * * * *

Nay but Thou knowest us, Lord Christ, Thou
knowest,

Well Thou rememberest our feeble frame,
Thou canst conceive our highest and our
lowest—

Pulses of nobleness and aches of shame.

The Lord's Supper, with the radiant living eternal Christ at its heart, is divine assurance that right will prevail over wrong, that love will shine on when hate has gone out in darkness and oblivion. No shrines are erected to Caiaphas, Pilate and Herod; the Roman and Jewish courts are gone forever; but countless and increasing millions bow at the Table and exalt Jesus as the Savior of the world.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Isaiah 53:7, 8.*

OUR Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, we seek to see our Master's face and to feel Thy presence as we partake of this loaf. We thank Thee, our Father, for such high moments as this, when we may look at all life in the light of Thy sacrificial love. Make us strong and grant us the courage to live for the right

at whatever cost and may we do our work and run our course without murmurings. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 Peter 2:21-25.*

OUR Father, we thank Thee for the comfort of this cup, which reminds us that Jesus Christ poured out his blood to bless his enemies as well as his friends. May the spirit of our loving Lord possess our hearts so that we shall speak no evil, nor ever act with selfishness, but always be ready to suffer if need be that we may bless others. Our spirits are imperfect, our sins are many and too much we live the life of the world. Help us, O Father, to become more like Christ, who died to save us from our sins. We ask in his name. Amen.

XLIV. Habits of the Soul

NIGHT, with ebon pinion,
Brooded o'er the vale;
All around was silent,
Save the nightwind's wail,
When Christ, the Man of Sorrows,
In tears, and sweat, and blood,
Prostrate in the garden,
Raised His voice to God.

Smitten for offenses
Which were not His own,
He, for our transgressions,
Had to weep alone;
No friend with words to comfort,
Nor hand to help was there,
When the Meek and Lowly
Humbly bowed in pray'r.

Abba, Father, Father,
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish
Pass from me, I pray;
Yet, if it must be suffered,
By me, Thine only Son,
Abba, Father, Father,
Let Thy will be done.

—*Love H. Jameson.*

The Text

WHEN Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Kidron, where was a garden, into which he entered, himself and his disciples. Now Judas also, who betrayed him, knew the place: for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his disciples.—John 18:1, 2.

The Meditation

SOME have thought that the observance of the Lord's Supper every first day of the week will brush the bloom of freshness from it and cause it to seem commonplace and weak in spiritual power. We do not tire of the June flowers washed in dew, nor of the return of summer, nor of the matchless painting of sunrise and sunset every day. And we do not tire of this supreme ordinance of the heart. It has not staled nor even lost its old wonderful satisfying charm. It always makes one sensible of the presence of the Divine Master, and often renews the Christian experience when sermon, hymn and prayer have failed.

It is greatly good to form spiritual habits of the soul. Our Master had the habit of attending church, and the habit

of prayer, and he loved places somehow made sacred and he made places sacred by loving them. They were his refuge from the strife of tongues and his trysting places with God.

No habit of the soul can be more refining or satisfying than the weekly observance of the Lord's Supper. O, my soul, taste and see that the Lord is good.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 6:48-51.*

OUR Father, many times our hearts have hungered for satisfactions and refreshing we could not find in our work, nor even in the presence of our dearest friends. We have wanted the bread of life and we thank Thee that here in this loaf, we find that bread. Today, our Father, we eat of this Bread knowing that we are not worthy, yet seeking Thee for the forgiveness of our sins, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable that we have assurance that we are forgiven and accepted in the beloved. Accept our thanks, Father, for this loaf. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read John 6:54-56, 63.*

OUR Blessed God and Wonderful Father, we thank Thee for this quiet hour of communion when we can fling on Thee our burdening woe, knowing how tenderly and how kindly near Thou art.

These brief bright moments leave a glory in our souls that never fades out and we go forth into life and continue to commune with our Master in our homes, at our work, or travelling afar. The sun shall not smite us by day, nor the moon by night, because Christ is with us. We thank Thee, dear Lord, for this cup, which writes this high and holy faith in our hearts with unfading and unforgettable experiences of love. Amen.

XLV. Enlarged by the Lord's Supper

O THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answer'd,
"All of self, and none of Thee."

Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father":
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and O so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my supplication,
"None of self, and all of Thee."

—*Theodore Monod.*

The Text

AND as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it; and he gave to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took a cup, and gave thanks, and gave to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many unto remission of sins.—Matt. 26:26-28.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.—John 3:16.

The Meditation

ONE cannot partake of the Lord's Supper and remain little. It expands him in feelings and desires, in vision and in purpose. The blood of Christ was poured out "for many." In the Supper one gets a touch of the eternal love. In a poem a mountain climber is represented as picking up a shell on the summit, which somehow had been left there. Placing it against his ear the roar in it seemed to be an echo of the far-away sea. At the Table one hears the murmur and whisper of the infinite love and like the sea breaking on the yellow sand it contains all tones and all

notes which blend to make the music that breaks in billows of sweetness on the shores of life. That enlarges the soul. The love dream of the infinite heart wakes our poor human hearts into the vastness of its own feeling and reach.

At the Table one feels the roominess of Christ's heart. There is room in Christ's heart; there is room at the cross. There all the penitent find a place for a new start in the great adventure of living; there the lonely find companionship that reaches over the earth into the heaven. Whatever one's rank in life, whatever his limitations, Christ's blood was shed for him. There is room at the cross, at the Table, in Christ's heart. I will climb up out of all my littleness at the Table. Christ's blood was poured out "for many."

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 3:16.*

DEAR Lord, how great is Thy love! It shames us in our littleness, it invites us to walk out into breadth, room, warmth, tenderness and light. Father, help me to grow stronger and larger as I partake of the loaf. Deliver me from jealousy, pride, the love of the world and let me walk in the light as Thou art in the light. Help me to feel Thy great forgiving spirit as I partake

of the loaf, symbol of the broken body of the Lord. For His name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Rev. 5:9, 10.*

DEAR Lord, we thank Thee that the blood of Jesus was poured out for many for the remission of sins. In that high and richly blest throng, we would have our souls numbered. We thank Thee for Thy redeeming blood, for Thine inspiring love. As long as this poor stammering, lisping tongue can speak a golden word of gratitude, we will speak to Thee and praise Thee, O God, for Thy mercy, and gift and loving kindness.

Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
Amen.

XLVI. The Pain and the Love of Christ

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

—Charles Wesley.

The Text

AND being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat became as it were drops of blood falling down upon the ground.—*Luke 22:44.*

For it became him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the author of their salvation perfect through sufferings. For both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren.—*Hebrews 2:10, 11.*

Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church.—*Colossians 1:24.*

The Meditation

PAIN is one of the greatest mysteries in the universe. It is like a thorn thrust into the heart by the hand of love. Tears seem thrice bitter because they are shed on the threshold of the Father's house of many mansions.

We do not know any explanation of it all, so deep and satisfying as that we may get at the communion table. It means that the sufferings of the good are redemp-

tive. It is God's strange way of making people kinder and more gentle. All suffering borne patiently must be part of Christ's sufferings to save the world. The Bishop of London heard of a child thirteen who was told it must lie on a bed of pain for two years. He said, "It must be very hard for my child to lie here and suffer so." The child replied with brightening face: "It is an honor, Bishop, to share God's pain." Christ suffered, the just for the unjust and he told his disciples they would be baptized with the baptism he was baptized with. Must it not have been for the same glorious end? The Table reminds us of this and shows us how suffering leads to beauty and to joy.

My soul, be not cast down because the body is bent, ungainly, dwarfed, broken or on the rack of pain. The bruised flower makes the world sweeter and causes all flowers to seem more beautiful and to be more loved.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read 1 Peter 2:21-24.*

OUR Father, we thank Thee that we may learn the meaning of our sufferings at this Holy Table. We pray Thee that our great Master who suffered for us will again bless the Bread that it may be to us the bread of life, to give us strength for our sufferings and for our day's work. And

whatever the pain, or sorrow, or thorns, or flowers, or joys of life, enable us to bring them all to Christ for his Eternal Blessing. We ask in his great and wonderful name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 Peter 4:12-15.*

OUR Father in Heaven, teach us as we drink this cup that the cure of our sins was wrought out by great suffering; that there is no remission of sins except by the blood of the purest and the holiest. Teach us, Father, to struggle against sin that we may not add stripes to Christ's wounds, nor thorns to his crown. And sanctify sorrows and sufferings to us that they may make us better and the world better, and become a part of the discipline and education that bring us power and eternal joy. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

XLVII. Knowing Christ's Love

THOU Lord art Love—and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown,
Beneath, on earth Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven Thy throne.

Thy word is Love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In Nature we Thy steps behold,
The Gospel shows Thy face.

Thy ways are Love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end,
In everlasting light.

Thy thoughts are Love—and Jesus is,
The living voice they find;
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
They stamp the seal divine;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

—*J. D. Burns.*

The Text

MAY be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God.—*Ephesians 3:18, 19.*

The Meditation

THESE deep and difficult words may be interpreted by the insight of the Lord's Table. There the devout soul gets visions of the Infinite Heart as nowhere else. These majestic words are the measure of the cross. The cross is a token of the Eternal Love which ever burns in Heaven for the frail and sorrowing children of earth.

The breadth of Christ's love. It is as wide as the world. "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but for the whole world." Whate'er befall, whate'er betide, we cannot drift beyond his love and care.

The length of Christ's love. It will outlast time. It encompasses this little life of ours as summer does the life of the flower. The cross of Christ stands towering o'er the wrecks of time radiating all the

light of God's love story in a world darkened by sin and suffering.

The height of Christ's love. It is higher than the highest heaven. It is as high as the throne of God. It is as high as the purposes of God.

The depth of Christ's love. It is deeper than the deepest sea. It reaches down to the lowest of earth and gives them a chance to rise. There is no sorrow so deep that the love of Christ cannot irradiate it and no soul so sinful his love cannot cleanse it.

O my soul, what experiences are thine at the Table! Through what windows I look when my faith and love come to the communion hour. I am enlarged and know the Infinite Affection, which is beyond knowledge.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Romans 11:29-33.*

O GOD, our Heavenly Father, help us to be truly grateful to Thee for the gift of Jesus, as we partake of this loaf. Thy love is too wonderful for our understanding, yet we rejoice that we know it and always experience it at The Table and that it hovers over us every day and every hour, all the days of our life. Help us, Father, to dwell in Thy

love and to be filled with all Thy fulness.
Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 2 Corinthians 9:5.*

OUR Father, we know that we can never sound the sea of Thy love. It washes the shores of all lands and brings healing and cleansing in its every touch. Help us to truly feel and deeply understand Thy heart as we partake of this cup to remind ourselves of the fathomless love of Chřist who poured out his blood to cleanse us from our sins. Thy gift to us is unspeakable and we would offer the rapture and incense of thanksgiving. For his name's sake. Amen.

XLVIII. Keeping Love Alive in the World

O LOVE Divine!—whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes, and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou
know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The law of love beyond all law,
The life o'erflooding death and sin!

Shine, Light of God!—make broad Thy
scope,
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
Make with Thy love our longings poor
—*J. G. Whittier.*

The Text

THE Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake and said, This is my body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of me. In like manner, also, the cup after supper.—1 Corinthians 11:23-25.

The Meditation

“**T**HE same night in which he was betrayed”—How would we have acted? With anger and energy we would have given blow for blow. But our Master answered hatred with love and madness with serenity.

Hatred was doing its worst that night but the Master refused to let it embitter his soul—he gave thanks for the bread and the cup.

Hatred was doing its worst that night but our Master refused to let it turn him against God—he linked his soul with his Father's goodness.

Hatred was doing its worst that night but the Master refused to let it make him cynical about his comrades—he gave them the love token of the Eternal Atonement.

Hatred was doing its worst that night—

it seemed to hold the world in its grip, to cover it with darkness, to poison it with the passion for death—but the Master refused to despair—he *established a ritual of love that it might bear witness against hate to the end of the world. He never doubted love would conquer.*

The only way to fight hate is with love. The only way to overcome evil is with good. When evil is holding its carnival of hate against you, gather your friends about you and gird the soul with the power and tenderness of fellowship.

This the Lord's Supper is always doing. *Where the Supper is, Jesus is. Where Jesus is, love is. To observe the Lord's Supper is to keep love alive in the world.*

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Hebrews 13:1.*

OUR Father in Heaven, we thank Thee that Jesus Christ kindled the light of love in the world even while those who hated him were planning to destroy his life out of the earth. We thank Thee that no darkness of earth could smother the light that was in Him. We thank Thee that this love grows brighter, and stronger and larger in the world every day.. We partake of this loaf that we may more fully give ourselves up to Jesus our Lord, and to the beauty and

blessedness of Thy will. And, our Father hasten the day when love shall control the world. In the Master's name we ask it. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Hebrews 13:8.*

OUR Heavenly Father, we bless Thy name today that a light which can never be put out was kindled in the world by our Master. In the night of hatred and death he gave us this cup that we might remember that having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end—despite their faults and imperfections, yea even their sins. How this encourages us, our Father and how it inspires us to strive to live by love, Thou knowest. We pray that Thou wilt make the memory of our Savior so mighty and vivid, as we drink this cup, that we may forever live by Thy love and by the law of love that ruled in our Master's heart. For his name's sake. Amen.

XLIX. The Strength of Christ's Love

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

—George Matheson.

The Text

NOW before the feast of the passover, Jesus knowing that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end.—John 13:1.

The Meditation

TIME could not wear out Christ's love. It stood the test of strenuous years. It did not fade in scorching sun or grow dim by letting rivalries into his heart. There is no dark line in the Savior's heart.

Faults in his followers could not break Christ's love. Sometimes when Christians are inconsistent their brethren turn against them and the Church. Not so did Christ. In the Upper Room his disciples wrangled and sought promotion for ambition's unhallowed end. There, too, was a betrayer in that sacred circle. In the Garden, despite the act of betrayal, he called the traitor "friend." The imperfections of Christ's people cannot discourage him until he gives them up.

The approach of death did not make him forget. He saw the great experience full of bitterness and cruelty falling upon him

out of the clouds of human hatred, but even that did not frost the flowers of love which blossomed with beauty and fragrance in his heart. The time came, alas, when in the sight of trouble his disciples all forsook him and fled—but his heart remained fixed. Divine love is stronger than the trials of life or the terrors of death. Jesus loved his disciples unto the end and paid the price of that love.

The rapture of the unveiled Presence of His Father could not eclipse his love for his disciple. Often human love is swallowed up in an unexpected stroke of good fortune. Men move into marble halls and forget their friends in log cabins. But even the gleams of the golden streets could not make Jesus forget the disciples who had worked and suffered with him in loved Galilee. He went out into the infinite glory with their names written upon his heart.

The lovely place of the human tryst with the divine Lord contains a request, "Remember me"; and a promise, "Lo I am with you always."

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Romans 8:37-39.*

OUR Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for our sense of security in Thy power and love. Underneath are the everlasting arms. We rest our souls in Thy greatness and goodness. We thank Thee for Thine unwearied loving-kindness, Thy leading and Thy shelter. We bow in humility and pledge again our own hearts to loyalty, constancy, and love to Thee and to our fellowmen, as we partake of this loaf. We renew our love to Jesus Christ and pray that He may always be with us in the sunshine, in the storm, in our day's work and at eventide when the shadows of night are falling. We pray in His name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Isaiah 41:10-14.*

OUR Blessed God and Father, we thank Thee that from age unto age Thou hast followed Thy people with a love that wearies not, with the purpose that does not faint. Help us to yield ourselves fully to Jesus Christ, who loved us and gave himself up for us on the cross. We thank Thee that he loved his disciples even unto the end and that we are of that glorious company. As we drink of this cup we reflect how his blood was poured out that we might be won and sealed to him in the beauty and glory of the eternal atonement. We thank Thee that we are Christ's forever and that nothing will be able to pluck us out of his hands. In his wonderful name. Amen.

L. The Reach of God's Love

IN Christ I feel the heart of God,
Throbbing from heav'n thro' earth;
Life stirs again within the clod,
Renewed in beauteous birth;
The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing His breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God,
From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet,
Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.

Not my Christ only; He is ours:
Humanity's close bond;
Key to its vast, unopened powers,
Dream of our dreams beyond.
What yet we shall be none can tell:
Now are we His, and all is well.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Text

FOR while we were yet weak, in due season Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: for peradventure for the good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his own love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Romans 5:6-8.

The Meditation

THE amazing wonder of the divine love is that it reaches the *weak* and the *unlovely*, as well as the strong and beautiful. It extends to enemies and to those who fight against God himself. It even is like the sunlight which falls with equal warmth upon the pure sparkling stream and the stagnant poison pond with floods of health and glow of glory.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind.

Science would overlook the weak and select only the strong that a greater race might be; but the love of God searches out those who are weak and out of the way,

brings them back into the heart of the divine family and makes them strong in order that a heavenly race may be. In the world's philosophy we read of "the survival of the fittest," but by the love of God the weak are made strong and the unfit made fit. "God is not willing that any should perish." The reach of his love is to the farthest straying child of earth anywhere in the region and shadow of death.

I know not where his Islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Matthew 5:43-45.*

O GOD, we would thank Thee today, in the Holy Spirit, for the love and suffering of Jesus Christ on the cross. We would thank Thee, our Father, that Thy love reaches farther even than our waywardness and brings us back when we wander. As we eat of this loaf may our hearts be made larger and may we love our fellow men, the good and the bad, the pleasant and the unpleasant, the holy and the ungodly, with the love wherewith Thou hast loved them. Help us to enter fully into the life and spirit of Christ and thus make our lives a blessing to mankind. We ask in His name. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Matthew 5:46-48.*

OUR Father, we humbly and fervently seek perfection in the practice of love and truth. We would be like our Master, willing to suffer, willing to give all, willing to give life itself if thereby we may bring men to Thee. Father, we partake of this cup, knowing that it is only by Thy love and by the precious blood of Christ that we have a place in Thy blameless family and at Thy Table in this world. It is only by the way of the cross we hope to reach Thy house of many mansions and see face to face at last in the supreme hour of the heart's rapture. Accept our thanksgiving, Heavenly Father, and make us conscious of Thy love in this cup. We ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

LI. The Taste of Heaven

ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear,
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream—
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

—*E. H. Nevin.*

The Text

FOR I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed took bread. . . . In like manner also the cup. . . . saying, This do in remembrance of me.—1 Corinthians 11:23-25.

The Meditation

THERE is no proof that Paul ever saw Jesus Christ in the flesh. If such a sight was vouchsafed him his eyes were holden and he did not recognize him. After his conversion the early Christians avoided Paul as doubtful and he went into self-exile in Arabia. In the quiet and loneliness of the desert he thought through his experiences and much and deeply of the wonderful, risen, living Christ who had spoken to him on the Damascus road. Great ideas come to us when we are alone. Then the still small voice can be heard, then God gets his chance with the soul. In this way the Supper came to the weary and heavy laden young rabbi who but a short while before had persecuted the Christ. It came to him as a special commission and revelation of Heaven and it comes to us

with the same force. Through it Paul learned of the Eternal Atonement that comes to man through the love that suffers to cure the sins of the world. It meant to him forgiveness, acceptance, access, peace and the everlasting friendship of the Living Lord. This revelation all true disciples know. When we eat the loaf and drink the cup in association with our brothers Heaven does not seem far away. The Lord's Supper is a foretaste of Heaven.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Hebrews 2:17.*

OUR Loving God and Father, we thank Thee that Jesus is still near to us, though our eyes cannot see within the veil. We thank Thee that heaven is not far away and that Christ follows us into exile, loneliness and apartness if these experiences must come to us. Our Father, we humbly partake of this loaf because we are Thy children, and Christ is our elder brother who died for us on the cross, and we would remember him and have his spirit enter into our souls. Forgive our sins and put upon our souls the blessedness of our Lord's own heart as we break and eat the loaf. For His name's sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Hebrews 4:14-16.*

O LOVING Father in Heaven, we are humbled and exalted when we think of the divine love, which opened for us the crimson fountain of life. We thank Thee for this Cup. May it be to us a taste of Heaven's life and sweetness, and a stream of spiritual renewal. We thank Thee for the Eternal Covenant by which Thou dost tie Thy soul to us with the power and testimony of the blood of the Lamb. May our souls enter into the deep, sweet, satisfying mystery and reality of the eternal love. May it be to us power, satisfaction, and inspiration for our tasks in life and a preparation for the life to come. We ask in the Name of Him, who died on the cross to save us from our sins. Amen.

LII. The Incarnation and the Cross

WHEN mother love makes all things
bright,
When joy comes with the morning light;
When children gather round their tree,
Thou Christmas Babe, we sing of Thee.

When manhood's brows are bent in thought
To learn what men of old have taught,
When eager hands seek wisdom's key,
Wise Temple Child, we learn of Thee.

When doubts assail, and perils fright,
When, groping blindly in the night,
We strive to read life's mystery,
Man of the Mount, we turn to Thee.

When shadows of the valley fall,
When sin and death the soul appall,
One light we through the darkness see—
Christ on the Cross, we cry to Thee.

—*Tudor Jenks.*

The Text

SINCE then the children are sharers in flesh and blood, he also himself in like manner partook of the same; that through death he might bring to nought him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and might deliver all them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.—Hebrews 2:14, 15.

The Meditation

*I*N these unfathomable words the incarnation and the crucifixion are linked together. This is all in the miracle of Christ in human life. Birth and death appear so different. One is a beginning; the other seems an ending. One brings rejoicing; the other lamentation. But they both mean the same, that death is an enlargement of life—a greater and more wonderful birth. Thus it comes to pass that the holly of the nativity and the lilies of the resurrection are woven together. Man is delivered from the great fear—the fear of death, the fear of annihilation and his every sorrow turned into joy. Jesus touched our clay and changed it into gold. There was a birth that invested every child with the hope of

eternal life. There was an elder brother to whom all the weak and tempted might look for sympathy in the darkest hour. There was a cross to which all generations might cling for succor and safety. There was a grave which unlocked all other graves. There was a broken body from which emerged healing power for dying souls. There was a crimson fountain to wash man whiter than snow.

O my soul, why be fearful in the presence of the vaunting pride and challenges of evil men and women and of the devil whose works fill the world with blackness. Strike, fight, go forward for no evil can befall thee. And, O my soul, Jesus who is God with us here at The Table has abolished death. See then not only the silver lining but the golden overglow of the eternal life; see and be glad.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 1:14.*

DEAR Lord, who entered into our own weak nature and felt the struggle and the thorns of the earthly way, we thank Thee for this loaf which reminds us of the miracles of Bethlehem and of the Garden. Strengthen us, our Savior, and make this loaf to be to us the bread of life. Fill us

with Thine own divine nature, our Master, and kindle afresh in our hearts the flame of eternal life and of complete consecration to Thee. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 1 Cor. 15:54-57.*

OUR Eternal Father, Lord of Time and of Eternity, Master of life and of death, we lift our hearts in gratitude to Thee for the hour and the exercise which again enthrall our hearts and exalt our souls in the consciousness that Jesus was born into the world to save us from our sins, and that he died on the cross to destroy our enemies and to give us power over death and the grave. May this cup be the rich portion of everlasting life and beauty to all who partake of it today. We ask for our Master's sake. Amen.

LIII. Faces in Eternity

THE Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of souls freeborn!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn:
I'm sighing for that Country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland,
To which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come,
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

—H. R. Haweis.

The Text

YE have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and I come unto you. If ye loved me, ye would have rejoiced, because I go unto the Father for the Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass, that when it is come to pass ye may believe.—John 14:28, 29.

The Meditation

CHRIST'S life was an interpretation of ours. So was his death. He is our exemplar, he is our pioneer into the land within the veil. Our loved ones who went out into the Great Beyond found a pathway through the valley of death traced clearly by his blood drops. He went before them.

One sometimes thinks of this, and has a right to do so, because Christ described his own departure by saying, "I go away, and I come unto you." "I go to my Father." Jesus said this at the First Communion, teaching us to look at the departure of our own as a flight to the bosom of God. This makes death an occasion for rejoicing and not for weeping.

At church we sometimes think of those

who sat with us in the pure and holy quiet at the Lord's Table in other days. Their voices once mingled with ours in prayer and song. We shall see them no more on earth—yet we cannot escape the feeling that at times they are near us. Eternity is full of familiar faces and sometimes we seem to feel a light warm with sweetness and wonder shining in our hearts. It must be the gaze of the redeemed resting upon us who are still enduring the toil and disciplines of earth. This is one message of the communion service—the eternity of brotherhood, the deathlessness of love, the certainty of meeting again those who sat at the Table with us on earth and are now in the banqueting room of eternity.

Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read John 14:1-6.*

O GOD, loving and gracious Father, we thank Thee for this hour of holy meditations, and this place of lovely visions, and this loaf which is to us the very bread of life. We partake of it in memory of our Lord's life and death on earth, and in the joyful hope of being with him in the Father's house of many mansions in eternity. Father, help us to cast off our sins by the power of Jesus, our Savior, and to be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in

light. Forbid, O God, that we should seek to feed on lilies and roses in a world where our Master ate the bread of sorrow and sacrifice. Make this loaf to us the bread of power and consecration through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read Revelation 7:15-17.*

OUR Father who art in Heaven, we thank Thee for a place at Thy Table. We are not worthy even to come within Thy house, yet Thou hast exalted us and set us by Thyself and our brethren, where we can see Thy face and hear Thy words. We thank Thee that we may drink of this cup to remind ourselves that Thy blood was poured out for the whole world and for us. Make it indeed the cup of blessing and may the precious blood of our Christ loose us from our sins and seal us to Him forever in the eternal covenant of blood. We ask for his name's sake. Amen.

LIV. An Old Year Communion

LIGHT of the world! forever, ever shining;

There is no change in Thee;
True light of life, all joy and health enshrining,

Thou canst not fade nor flee.

Thou hast arisen; but Thou declinest never:

Today shines as the past;
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever;

Brightness from first to last!

Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;

Day fills up all its blue:
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new!

Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,

O shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,

Be our unchanging day.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

The Text

*L*O, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28:20.

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today, yea and forever.—Hebrews 13:8.

The Meditation

TO young and old alike the passing of time brings sober thoughts. The end of the year is a time for memory and often for tears. The shortness of life is borne in upon us. The changeful nature of all earthly things is “driven home to our hearts.” We see our friends fail in business or pass out into the unknown country, leaving us who still come and go on earth to long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still. Yet under the spell of faith these things only make the heart more tender, and our love for those yet with us more beautiful. They teach us to look up and when we do so we behold the golden overflow of eternal life. When we see the lights of earth growing dim we look away to the lamps shining in the windows of the house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens. Looking backward, we know that the Providence of the Great Presence has

been with us all the way; looking forward we know that the same Great Savior will come down to the River with the Shining Ones to meet us when we go hence. We build on the Rock of Ages, Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today, yea and forever. The persistence of the Lord's Table through two thousand eventful years assures us of the survival of all that is good, and true and beautiful. The Great Hereafter will be the harvest of all the heart's true sowing in this world. The fleeting years but the more quickly bring us to see our Savior and our friends in the Homeland face to face.



Thanksgiving and Participation

1. The Loaf. *Read Acts 7:59.*

O GOD of all the ages and of every trusting heart, we look up to Thee with thanksgiving today, through Jesus Christ our Lord. In him we bless this loaf which we break in his memory and in his love. We thank Thee that its message to us in these closing hours of another year is that Jesus ever liveth to make intercession for us, to go with us, and to guide us. We thank Thee that we know his love abides and that He lives and loves forever, whatever our experiences on earth may bring. Accept our thanksgiving, Father, and make this loaf the bread of life to us. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

2. The Cup. *Read 2 Timothy 4:6-8.*

OUR blessed Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the constant renewal of our love and faith by this cup. We thank Thee that after all the tempests and storms, and changes and forgetfulness of all the church's years of history, and the fleeting years of our own poor lives, we still have access to Thee. O Father, Thou hast not failed us and the Son hath not failed us. In desert waste, in trackless sea, when friendless or with friends, Christ has been our Guide through the changeful years. As he sealed his life to us by the blood of the cross, so O God, we seal our souls, our hearts, our lives to him forever and ever in these sweet communion hours, by this thrice hallowed cup. Amen.



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